Accessions
153.458

Shelf No.
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Barton Library.

Thomas Pennant Barton.

Boston Public Library.
Received May, 1873.
Not to be taken from the Library.

"As you like it was certainly borrowed, if we believe Dr. Grey and Mr. Upton, from the Coke's Tale of Gamelyn, which by the way was not printed till a century afterward; when in truth the old Bard, who was no hunter of MSS. contented himself solely with Lodge's Rosalynd or Euphues' Golden Legacye, 4to, 1590."

Farmer Essay on the learning of Shakespeare, Edit. 1821, p. 32.

See also the notes of the other commentators.

Boston Public Library.

Different Editions.

1. London, 1590. 4to. Bibl. Anglo-Poet. No 421, four leaves Mt. morocco, £20.
   Resold Saunders in 1818, £1. 11s. 6d.
   Resold Strettell, No 1237, £2. 10s.
2. Lond. 1591. 4to.
3. Lond. 1598. 4to. Roxburghe, No 6397, £2. 2s.

4. Lond. 1612. 4to. Perf., Pt. 2, N°376, £2.2s.

5. Lond. 1623. 4to. Roxburghe N° 6398,
Date 1624, 14s.

*6. Lond. 1634. 4to. A–O, in fours.

7. Lond. 1642. 4to. pp. 112. Bibl. Anglo-Poet. N°422, £7.7s. Inglis, N°934, £1.2s.

The present copy sold in Hebers sale for £4.14s.6d. Pt.5, 2536. Rodd. It was then unbound. I bought it of Rodd for £3.13.6d, and have since had it bound, by Charles Lewis, for 18s. It is announced in Hebers Cat. under the date of 1614. When I bought it of Rodd, both he and myself supposed that to be the correct date, and the copy is so lettered on the back by Lewis. No edition of that date, however, is mentioned by Lowndes, nor do I believe any to exist. When I examined my copy

I found that the third copie was so blurred as to be quite illegible, and I for some time hesitated to decide between the dates of 1614, 1623 or 4 (as above) and 1634. Having succeeded in removing some of the dirt which covered the third copie, I am now satisfied that it is the Edition of 1634. The collation, too (A to O, in fours) corresponds with that given by Lowndes.

It is to be remarked, that the name of Rosalynd, which is to be found on the title page of the first Edition, is dropped in the later impressions.

B.

Boston Public Library.

Euphues Golden Legacie.

Found after his death in his Cell at

SILEXEDRA.

Bequeathed to PHILAVTVS Sonnes,

nurſed vp with their Father in

ENGLAND,

Fetcht from the Canaries, by T.L. *Gent.*

Imprinted at London for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Saint *Dunſtanes* Church-yard in Fleetſtreete, vnder the Dyall. 1614.

153,458
May 1873.

To the right Honourable and his moſt eſteemed Lord, the Lord of HVNSDON, Lord Chamberlaine of her Maieſties houſhold, and Gouernour of the Towne of Barwicke: T.L.G. wiſheth increaſe of all honourable vertues.

SVuch Romans (right Honourable) as delighted in Martiall exploits, attempted their actions in the honour of Auguſtus, becauſe he was a patron of Souldiers, and Virgil deſcribed with Poems as a Mecenas of ſchollers: both ioyntly aduancing his royaltie, as a Prince warlike, and learned. Such as ſacrifice to Pallas, preſent her Bayes as ſhee is wiſe, and with armour as ſhee is valiant: obſeruing herein that excellent —πρεπον which dedicateth honours according to the perfection of the perſon. When I entred (right Honourable) with a deepe in-ſight into the conſideration of theſe promiſſes, ſeeing your Lordſhip to bee a Patron of all Martiall men, and a Mecenas of ſuch as apply themſelues to ſtudie, wearing with Pallas both the Launce and the Bay, and ayming with Auguſtus at the fauour of all, by the honourable vertues of your minde, being my ſelfe firſt a Student, and afterwards falling from Bookes to Armes, euen vowed in all my thoughts, dutifully to affect your Lordſhip.

Hauing with Captaine Clarke made a voyage to the Ilands of Terceras and the Canaries, to beguile the time with labour, I writ this Booke: rough, as hatcht in the ſtormes of the Ocean, and feathered in the ſurges of many perillous Seas. But as it is the worke of a Souldier and a Scholler, I preſume to ſhroude it vnder your Honours patronage, as one that is the fautor and fauourer of all vertuous actions, and whoſe honourable loue growne from the generall applauſe of

the whole common-wealth for your higher desert, may keepe from the malice of euery bitter tongue.

Other reasons more particular (right Honourable) challenge in me a speciall affection to your Lordship, as being Scholler with your noble Sonues, Master *Edmund Carew*, and Master *Robert Carew*, (two siens worthy of so Honourable a tree, and a tree glorious in such honourable fruit) as also being Scholler in the Vniuersitie, vnder that learned and vertuous Knight, Sir *Edward Hobby*, when he was a Batcheler in Artes, a man as well lettered, as well borne, and after the Etimologie of his name, soaring as high as the wings of knowledge can mount him, happie euery way, and the more fortunate, as blessed in the honour of so vertuous a Lady.

Thus (right Honourable) the dutie that I owe to the sonnes, chargeth mee that all my affectioon be placed on the Father, for where the branches are so precious, the tree of force must bee more excellent. Commanded and imboldned thus with the consideration of these fore-passed reasons, to present my Booke to your Lordship, I humbly intreat, your Honour will vouchsafe of my labours, and fauour a Souldiers and a Schollers pen, with your gracious acceptance, who answers in affection what wants in eloquence: so deuoted to your Honour, as his onely desire is to end his life vnder the fauour of so martiall and learned a Patron. Resting thus in hope of your Lordships curtesie, in denying the patronage of my worke, I cease, wishing you as many honourable fortunes as your Lordship can desire or imagine.

Your Honours Souldier most

Humbly affectionate:

Tho. Lodge.

To the Gentlemen Readers.

GEntlemen, looke not here to finde any sprigs of Pallas Bay-tree, nor to heare the humours of any amorous Laureat, nor the pleasing veyne of any eloquent Orator: Nolo altum sapere, they bee matters aboue my capacitie: the Coblers checke shall neuer light on my head. Ne sutor vltra crepidam, I wil goe no further than the latchet, and then all is well. Here you may perhaps find some leaues of Venus mirtle, but hewen downe by a Souldier with his cuttleaxe, not bought with the allurement of a filed tongue. To bee briefe Gentlemen, roome for a Souldier and a Sayler; that giues you the fruits of his labour that hee wrote, in the Ocean, where euery line was wet with a surge, and euery humorous passion counterchecke with a storme, If you like it, so, and yet I will be yours in dutie, if you be mine in fauour: But if Momus, or any disquieted asse, that hath mighty eares to conceiue with Midas, and yet little to iudge: If hee come aboard our barke to finde fault with our cackling when he knowes not the shrowdes, Ile downe into the hold, and fetch out a rustie Pollax, that saw no sunne this seauen yeares, and either will bee baste him, or heaue [illegible] ouer-board to feed Cods. But courteous Gentlemen, that fauour most, backe-bite none, and pardon what is ouer-slipt, let such come and welcome, Ile into the Steward[illegible] come, and fetch them a Kan of our best beuerage. Well Gentlemen you haue Euphues Legacie, I fetcht it as farre as the Ilands of Terceras, and therfore reade it, censure with fauour and farewell.

Yours T. L.

The Scedule annexed to Euphues *Teſtament, the tenour of his Legacie, the token of his loue.*

THE vehemencie of my ſickneſſe, *Philautus*, hath made me doubtfull of my life, yet muſt I dye in counſailing thee. Thou haſt Sonnes by *Camelia*, as I heare, who being young in yeeres, haue greene thoughts: and nobly borne, hauing great mindes: bend them in youth like the Willow, leaſt thou bewaile them in their Age for their wilfulneſſe. I haue bequeathed them a *Golden Legacie*, becauſe I greatly loue thee. Let them reade it as *Archelaus* did *Caſſander*, to profit by it, and in reading, let them meditate, for I haue approued it the beſt method. They ſhall finde loue anatomized by *Euphues*, with as liuely colours as in *Apelles* Table: Roſes to whip him when hee is wanton, reaſon to withſtand him when hee is headie.

Heere may they reade that Vertue is the King of labour, Opinion the miſtreſſe of Fooles, that Vanitie is the pride of Nature, Contention the ouerthrow of Famine. heere in Elleborus bitter in taſte, but beneficiall in tryal. I haue nothing to ſend to thee *Camelia* but this counſell, that in ſteed of worldly goods, you leaue your Sonnes vertue and glorie: for better were they to be partakers of your honours, than Lords of your Mannors. I feele death that ſummons me to my graue, and my ſoule deſirous of his God. Farewel *Philautus*, and let the tenour of my counſell be applyed to thy Childrens comfort.

Euphue dying to liue.

If any man finde this ſcrowle ſend it to Philautus in England.

THERE dwelt adioyning to the Citie of Bourdeaux, a Knight of most honourable parentage, whom Fortune had graced with many fauours, and Nature honoured with sundry exquisite qualities, so beautified with the excellence of both, as it was a question, whether Fortune or Nature were more prodigall, in disciphering the riches of their bounties. Wise hee was, and holding in his head a supreme conceit of policie, reaching with Nestor into the depth of all ciuill gouernment: and to make his wisedome more gracious, he had that *salem ingenij*, and pleasant eloquence that was so highly commended in Vlisses: his valour was no lesse than his wit, nor the stroke of his launce no lesse forcible, than the sweetnes of his tongue was perswasiue: for hee was for his courage chosen the principall of all the Knights of Malta. This hardy Knight, thus inricht with vertue and honour, surnamed sir Iohn of Burdeaux hauing passed the prime of his youth in sundry battels against the Turks, at last (as the day of time hath his course) grew aged: his haires were siluer-hewed, and the map of his age was figured on his forehead. Honour sate in the furrowes of his face, and many yeeres were portrayed in his wrinkled liniaments, that all men might perceiue his glasse was runne, and that nature of necessitie challenged her due. Sir Iohn that with the Phenix knew the fearme of his life was now expired, and could with the Swanne discouer his end by her songe, hauing three sonnes by his wife Lineda, the very pride of his fore-passed yeeres, thought now seeing death by constraint would compell him to leaue them, to bestow vpon them such a Legacie as might bewray his loue, and increase their insuing amitie. Calling therefore these young Gentlemen before him, in the presence of all his fellow Knights of Malta, he resolued to leaue them a memoriall of all his fatherly care, in setting downe a Methode of their brotherly duties. Hauing therefore

death.

death in his lookes to moue them to pitie; and teares in his eyes, to paint out the depth of his passions, taking his eldest sonne by the hand, hée began,

Sir Iohn of Burdeaux Legacie hee gaue to his Sonnes.

OH my sonnes, you sée that Fate hath set a period of my yeares, and Destinies haue determined a finall end of my dayes, the Holme-trée waxeth away-ward, for he stoopeth in his height, & my plumes are full of sicke feathers touched with age. I must to my graue that dischargeth al cares, & leaue you to the world that increaseth many sorrowes. My siluer haires contain great experience, and the number of my yeeres haue pend downe the subtilties of fortune. Therfore as I leaue you some fading pelfe to countercheck pouerty, so I will bequeath you infallible precepts that shall leade you vnto vertue. First therefore vnto thee Saladine the eldest, & therefore the chiefest pillar of my house, wherein should be ingraued, aswell the excellencie of thy fathers qualities, as the essential forme of his proportion, to thee I giue fourteene plough-lands, with all my Manour houses and richest plate. Next, vnto Fernandine, I bequeath twelue plough-lands: But vnto Rosader the youngest, I giue my horse, my armor, and my launce, with sixteene plough-lands: for if the inward thoughts be discouered by outward shadowes, Rosader will exceed you all in bountie and honour. Thus (my sonnes) haue I parted in your portions the substance of my wealth, wherein if you be as prodigal to spend, as I haue bœn careful to get, your friends will grieue to sée you more wastfull than I was bountifull, and your foes smile that my fall did begin at your excesse, Let mine honour be the glassee of your actions, ond the fame of my vertues, the load-starre to direct the course of your pilgrimage. Ayme your deeds by my honourable endeauors, and shew your selues siens worthy of so florishing a trée: least, as the birds Halcyones which exceede in whitenesse, I hatch yong ones that excéed in blacknes. Climbe not (my sonnes) aspiring pride is a vapor that ascendeth hie, but soone turneth into smoke, they that stare at the stars, stumble vpon the stones: and they that gaze at the Sun (vnlesse they be Eagle-eyed) fall blind: soare not too high

with

with the Hobby, least you fall with the Larke: nor attempt not with Phaeton, least you drowne with Icarus, Fortune when she wils you to flie, tempers your plumes with waxe, and therefore either sit still and make no wing, or else beware the Sun, & hold Dedalus axiome authenticall (*Medium tenuisse tutissimum.*) Low shrubs haue deepe roote, and poore Cottages great patience. Fortune lookes euer vpward, and enuy aspireth to nestle with dignitie. Take heed my sons, the meane is sweetest melodie, where strings stretcht high, either soon they crack, or quickly grow out of tune. Let your Countries care be your hearts content, & thinke that you are not borne for your selues, but to leuel your thoughts to be loyal to your Prince, carefull for the common weale, & faithfull to your friends, so shall France say, these men are excellent in vertues, as they be exquisite in features. Oh my sons, a friend is a precious iewel, within whose bosome you may vnload your sorrow, and vnfold your secrets, and hee either will relieue with councell, or perswade with reason: but take heed in the choise, the outward shew makes not the inward man, nor are the dimples in the face the Kalenders of trueth. When the Liquorice leafe lookes most drie, then it is most wet: when the shores of Lepanthus are most quiet, then they forepoint a storme. The Baatan leafe the morefaire it lookes, the more infectious it is, & in the sweetest words is oft hid most treacherie. Therefore my sonnes, chuse a friend as the Hiperborei doe their mettals, seuer them from the ore with fire, and let them not bide the stampe before they be currant: so trie & then trust, let time be the touchstone of friendship, and then friends faithfull lay them vp for iewels. Be valiant my sonnes, for cowardise is the enemie of honour, but not too rash, for that is extreame. Fortitude is the meane, & that is limited within bounds, & prescribed with circumstance. But aboue all, & with that he fetcht a deep sigh, beware of Loue, for it is far more perilous than pleasant, and yet I tell you it allureth as ill as the Syrens. Oh my sonnes, fancie is a sicle thing, and beauties paintings are trickt vp with times colours, which being set to drie in the sunne, perish with the same. Venus is a wanton, and though her lawes pretend libertie, yet there is nothing but losse & glittering misery. Cupids wings are plumed with the feathers of vanitie, and his arrowes, where they pierce, inforce nothing but desires: a womans eye, as it is precious to behold, so it is preiudicial to gaze vpon: for as it affordeth delight, so it sna-

reth vnto death. Trust not their fawning fauors, for their loues are like the breath of a man vpon Christe, which no sooner lighteth on, but it leapeth off, and their passions are as momentanie as the colours of a Polype, which changeth at the sight of euery obiect. My breath waxeth short, and mine eyes waxe dimme, the howre is come, and I must away: therefore let this suffice, women are wantons, and yet men cannot want one: and therefore if you loue, chuse one that hath eies of adamant, that will turne onely to one point, her heart of a Diamond that will receiue but one forme, her tongue of a Sethin leafe that neuer wags but with a southeast wind: and yet my sons, if she haue all these qualities, to be chast, obedient, and silent: yet for that she is a woman, shall yee find in her sufficient vanity to countervaile her vertues. Oh now my sonnes: euen now take these my last words as my latest Legacie, for my threed is spun, and my foot is in the graue: keepe my precepts as memorials of your fathers counsels, and let them bee lodged in the secrets of your hearts: for wisedome is better than wealth, & a golden sentence worth a world of treasure. In my fall see, my sonnes, the folly of man, that being dust climbeth with Briarius, to reach at the heauens, & ready euery minute to die: yet hopeth for an age of pleasures. Oh, mans life is like lightning, that is but a flash, and the longest day of his yeares but a bauens blaze. Seeing then man is so mortal, bee carefull that thy selfe be vertuous, that thy death may be full of admirable honors: so shalt thou challenge fame to be thy Lautor, and put oblivion to exile with thine honourable actions. But my sons, lest you should forget your fathers axiomes, take this scroule, wherein reade what your father dying, wils you to execute liuing. At this hee shunke downe in his bed, and gaue vp the ghost.

Iohn of Bourdeaux being thus dead, was greatly lamented of his sonnes, & bewailed of his friends especially of his fellow knights of Malta, who attended on his funerals, which were performed with great solemnitie. His obsequies done, Saladine caused, next his epitaph, the contents of the scrowle to be purtrayed out, which were to this effect.

The contents of the scedule which Sir *Iohn* of *Bourdeaux* gaue his sonnes.

My

MY ſonnes, behold what portion I doe giue,
I leaue you goods, but they are quickly loſt:
I leaue aduice, to ſchoole you how to liue.
I leaue you wit, but won with little coſt:
But keepe it well, for counſell ſtill is one,
When father, friends, and worldly goods are gone.

In choiſe of thrift, let honour be your gaine.
Winne it by vertue, and by manly might:
In doing good, eſteeme thy trouble no paine.
Protect the fatherleſſe, and widowes right.
Fight for thy faith, thy Countrie, and thy king.
For why? this thrift will proue a bleſſed thing.

In choiſe of wife preferre the modeſt chaſte.
Lillies are faire in ſhew, but foule in ſmell:
The ſweeteſt lookes by age are ſoone defaſt,
Then chuſe thy wife by wit, and liuing well,
Who brings thee wealth, and many faults withall,
Preſents thee honie mixt with bitter gall.

In choiſe of friends, beware of light beliefe,
A painted tongue may ſhroude a ſubtile heart:
The Syrens teares doe threaten mickle griefe,
Foreſee my ſonnes, for feare of ſodaine ſmart,
Chuſe in your wants, and he that loues you then,
When richer growen, befriend you him againe.

Learne with the Ant in ſummer to prouide,
Driue with the Bee, the Drone from out the hiue:
Build like the Swallow, in the ſummer tide.
Spare not too much (my ſonnes) but ſparing thriue.
Be poore in folly, rich in all but ſinne:
So by your death, your glorie ſhall beginne.

Saladine hauing thus ſet vp the Scedule, and hangd about his fathers herſe many paſſionate poems, that France might ſuppoſe him to be paſſing ſorrowfull, clad himſelfe and his brothers all in blacke, and in ſuch ſable ſutes diſcouered his griefe: but as the Hiena when ſhe mourneſ is moſt guileſull, ſo Saladine, vnder the ſhew of griefe,

shadoweth his heart full of contented thoughts. The Tiger though he hid his clawes, will at last discouer his rapin, the Lions looks are not the maps of his meaning, nor a mans physnomy is not the display of his secrets: fire cannot be hid in straw, nor the nature of man so concealed, but at last it will haue his recourse, Nature and Art may doe much, but that *natura naturans*, which by purgation is ingrafted in the heart, will be at last perforce predominant, according to the old verse:

Naturam expellas furca licet, vsque recurret.

So fared it with Saladine, for after a moneths mourning was past, he fell to consideration of his fathers testament, how hee had bequeathed more to his younger brother then to himselfe, (that Rosader was his fathers darling, but now vnder his tuition,) that as yet they were not come to yeeres, and hee being their guardian, might (if not defraude them of their due) yet make such hauocke of their legacies and lands, as they should bee a great deale the lighter: whereupon he began thus to meditate with himselfe.

Saladines meditation with himselfe.

SAladine, how art thou disquieted in thy thoughts, and perplexed with a world of restlesse passions, hauing thy minde troubled with the tenour of thy fathers testament, and thy heart fired with the hope of present preferment? by the one thou art counselled to content thee with thy fortunes: by the other, perswaded to aspire to higher wealth. Riches (Saladine) is a great royaltie, and there is no sweeter physike then store. Auicen like a fole forgot in his Aphorismes to say, that gold was the most precious restorative, and that treasure was the most excellent medicine of the minde. O Saladine, what were thy fathers precepts breathed into the winde? hast thou so soone forgotten his principles? did he not warne thee from coueting without honour, and climbing without vertue? did he not forbid thee to aime at any action that should not bee honourable? and what will be more preiudiciall to thy credite, then the careleste ruine of thy brothers prosperity? and wilt thou become the subuersion of their fortunes? is there any sweeter thing then concord, or a more precious iewell then amitie? are you not sonnes of one father, liens of one tree, birds of one nest? and wilt thou become so vnnaturall, as to rob them thou shouldest releiue? No Saladine, intreate them in fauours, and entertaine them with loue, so shalt thou haue thy con-

science

science clere, and thy renowme excellent: Tush, what words are these, base foole: farre vnfit (if thou be wise) for thy honour. What though thy father at his death talked many friuolous matters, as one that doted for age, and raued in his sickneſſe: shall his words be Axioms, and his talke be so authenticall, as thou wilt (to obserue them) preiudice thy selfe? No, no, Saladine, sicke mens wills that are paroll, hauing no hand nor seale, are like the lawes of a Citie written in dust, which are broken with the blast of euery wind. What man, thy father is dead, and he can neither helpe thy fortunes, nor measure thy actions: therefore bury thy words with his carkaſſe, and be wise for thy selfe: what, tis not so old as true:

Non sapit, qui sibi non sapit.

Thy brother is yong, kéepe him now in awe, make him not check-mate with thy selfe: for,

Nimia familiaritas contemptum parit

Let him know little, so shall he not bée able to execute much, suppreſſe his wits with a base estate, and though he bée a gentleman by nature, yet forme him anew, and make him a peſant by nature: so shalt thou kéepe a slaue, and raigne thy selfe sole Lord ouer all thy fathers poſſeſſions. As for Fernandine, thy middle brother, he is a scholer, and hath no minde but on Ariſtotle, let him reade on Galen, while thou riſleſt with gold, and poare on his booke whileſt thou purchaſeſt lands: wit is great wealth, if he haue learning, it is enough, and so let all reſt.

In this humour was Saladinde, making his brother Roſader his foot-boy, for the space of two or three yéeres, kéeping him in such ſeruile subiection, as it had bén the sonne of any country vaſſall. The yong gentleman bare all with patience, till on a day, walking in the garden by himselfe, he began to conſider, how he was the sonne of Iohn of Bourdeaux, a knight renowned in many victories, and a gentleman famouſed for his vertues, who contrary to the teſtament of his father, was not only kept from his land, and intreated as a seruant, but smothered in such secret slauery, as he might not attaine to any honorable actions. Alas said he to himselfe (nature working these effectuall paſſions) why should I that am a gentleman borne, paſſe my time in such vnnaturall drudgery? wert not better, either in Paris to become a scholer, or in the court a courtier, or in the field a ſouldier, then to line a foot boy to mine owne brother; nature hath

lent me wit to conceiue, but my brother denyes mee Art to contemplate. I haue strength to performe any honorable exploite, but no liberty to accomplish my vertuous indeauours: those good parts that God hath bestowed vpon me, the enuy of my brother doth smother vp in obscuritie, the harder is my fortune, & the more his frowardnesse. With that, casting vp his hand, hée felt haire on his face, and perceiuing his beard to bud, for choler he began to blush, and swore to himselfe, he would be no more subiect to such slauery. As thus he was ruminating his melancholly passions, in came Saladine with his men, and seeing his brother in a browne study, and to forget his wonted reuerence, thought to shake him out of his dumps, thus. Sirra, (quoth he) is your minde on your halfepeny? or are you saying a dirge for your fathers soule? what, is my dinner ready? At this question Rosader turning his head askance: and bending his browes as if anger there had plowed the furrowes of her wrath, with his eyes full of fire he made this reply. Dost thou aske me (Saladine) for thy cates? aske some of thy churles, who are fit for such an office, I am thy equall by nature, though not by birth: and though thou hast more cards in thy bunch, I haue as many trumps in mine hands as thy selfe. Let me question with thée: why hast thou feld my woods, spoyld my manner houses, and made hauocke of such vtensils, as my father bequeathed vnto me? I tell thée Saladine, either answere me as a brother, or I will trouble thée as an enemie.

At this reply of Rosaders, Saladine smiled, as laughing at his presumption, and frowned, as checking his folly: he therefore tooke him vp thus shortly. What sirra, I see, early prickes the tree that will proue a thorne: hath my familiar conuersing with you made you coy, or my good lookes drawne you to be thus contemptuous? I can quickly remedy such a fault, and I will bend the tree while it is a wand: in faith (sir boy) I haue a snaffle for such a head-strong colt. You sirs, lay hold on him, and binde him, and then I will giue him a cooling card for his choler. This made Rosader halfe mad, that stepping to a great rake that stood in the garden, hee layd such load vpon his brothers men, that hee hurt some of them, and made the rest of them run away. Saladine seeing Rosader so resolute, and with his resolution so valiant, thought his heeles his best safety, and tooke him to a loft adioyning to the garden, whether Rosader pursued him hotly. Saladine afraide of his brothers fury, cryed out to him

thus

thus. Rosader, be not so rash, I am thy brother and thine elder, and if I haue done thée wrong, Ile make thée amends: reueng not anger in bloud, for so shalt thou staine the vertue of old sir Iohn of Bourdeaux: say wherein thou art discontent, and thou shalt be satisfied. Brothers frowns ought not to be periods of wrath: what man, I like not so sowrely, I know we shall be friends, and better friends than we haue bin. For, *Amantium iræ amoris redintegratio est.*

These words appeased the choler of Rosader, (for hee was of a milde and courteous nature) so that he laid downe his weapons, and vpon the faith of a Gentleman, assured his brother hée would offer him no preiudice: whereupon Saladine came downe, and after a little parley, they imbraced each other & became friends, and Saladine promised Rosader the restitution of all his lands, and what fauour else, quoth hée, any wayes my ability or the nature of a brother, may performe. Vpon these sugred reconciliations, they went into the house arme in arme together, to the great content of all the old seruants of sir Iohn of Bourdeaux. Thus continued the padhidden in the straw, till it chanced that Torismond King of France had appointed for his pleasure a day of wrastling, and of Tournament to bustle his Commons heads, least being idle, their thoughts should run vpon serious matters, and call to remembrance their old banished King: a Champion there was to stand against all commers, a Norman, a man of tall stature and of great strength, so valiant, that in many such conflicts he alwayes bare away the victorie, not onely ouerthrowing them which he encountred, but often with the weight of his body, killing them outright. Saladine hearing of this, thinking now not to let the ball fall to the ground, but to take opportunitie by the forehead: first by secret meanes conuented with the Norman, and procured him with rich rewards to sweare, that if Rosader came within his clawes, hée should neuer more retourne to quarrell with Saladine for his possessions. The Norman desirous of pelfe, as (*Quis nisi mentis inops oblatum respuit aurum?*) taking great gifts for little goods, toke the crownes of Saladine to performe the stratagem. Hauing thus tyed the Champion to his villanous determination by oath, hee prosecuted the intent of his purpose thus. He went to young Rosader, (who in all his thoughts reacht at honour, and gazed no lower than vertue commanded) and began to tell him of this Tournament and wrastling, how the King should bée there,

and

and all the chiefe Péres of France, with all the beautifull damsels of the countrey: now brother, quoth hee, for the honor of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, our renowned father, to famous that house that neuer hath bin found without men approued in chiualry, shew thy resolution to be peremptory. For my selfe, thou knowest though I am eldest by birth, yet neuer hauing attempted any déeds of Armes, I am yongest to performe any martiall exploits, knowing better how to suruey my lands, than to charge my Launce: my brother Fernandine he is at Paris, poaring on a few papers, hauing more insight into sophistrie and principles of Philosophie, than any warlike indeuours: but thou Rosader the yongest in yeares, but the eldest in valour, art a man of strength, and darest doe what honour allowes thée: take thou thy fathers Launce, his Sword, and his Horse, and hie thée to the Tournament, & either there valiantly crack a speare, or trie with the Norman for the palme of actiuitie. The words of Saladine were but spurs to a frée horse, for he had scarce vttered them ere Rosader tooke him in his armes, taking his proffer so kindly, that he promised in what hee might to requite his courtesie. The next morrow was the day of the Tournament, and Rosader was so desirous to shew his heroicall thoughts, that hee passed the night with little sléepe: but assoone as Phebus had vailed the curtain of the night, and made Aurora blush, with giuing her the beso las labras in his siluer Couch, hee gate him vp, and taking his leaue of his brother, mounted himselfe towards the place appointed, thinking euery mile tenne leagues till he came there. But leauing him so desirous of the Tourney, to Torismond the King of France. who hauing by force banished Gerismond their lawfull King, that liued as an outlaw in the forest of Arden sought how by all meanes to kéepe the French bnsied with all sports, that might bréed their content. Amongst the rest he had appointed this solemne Tournament, whereunto he in most solemne manner resorted, accompanied with the twelue péres of France, who rather for feare then loue, graced him with the shew of their dutifull fauours. To féede their eyes, & to make the beholders pleased with the sight of most rare glittering obiects, he had appointed his owne daughter Alinda to bée there, and the faire Rosalind daughter vnto Gerismond, with all the beatifull Damosels that were famous for their features in all France.

Thus in that place did loue and warre triumph in a sympathy, such

such as were martial, might vse their launce to be renowned for the excellency of their chiualry, and such as were amorous, might glut themselues with gasing on the beauties of most heauenly creatures As euery mans eye, had his seuerall suruey, and fansie was partiall in their lookes, yet all in generall applauded the admirable riches that Nature bestowed on the face of Rosalind, for vpon her cheekes there seemed a battel betweene the Graces, who should bestow most fauours to make her excellent. The bluth that glorified Luna when shee kist the Shepheard of the hills of Latmos, was not tainted with such a pleasant dye, as the vermilion flourish on the siluer hue of Rosalinds countenance: her eyes were like those Lampes that make the wealthie couert for the heauens more glorious, sparkling fauour and disdain, curteous and yet coy, as if in them Venus had placed all her amorets, & Diana all her chastitie. The trammels of her haire folded in a caule of gold, so farre surpast the burnisht glister of mettall, as the Sunne doth the meanest Starre in brightnesse: the tresses that folds in the browes of Apollo, were not halfe so rich to the sight, for in her haires it seemed loue had laid himselfe in ambush, to entrap the proudest eye that durst gaze vpon their excellence: what should I need to discipher her particular beauties, when by the censure of all, she was the paragon of all earthly perfection. This Rosalind sate (I say) with Alinda as a beholder of these sports, & made the Caualiers crack their launces with more courage: many deeds of knighthood that day were performed, and many prizes were giuen, according to their seuerall deserts: at last, when the Tournament ceased, the wrastling began, and the Norman presented himself, as a challenger against all commers, but he looked like Hercules when hee aduanst himselfe against Achelous, so that the furie of his countenance amazed all that durst attempt to encounter with him in any deed of actiuitie, till at last a lusty Franklin of the Country came with two tall men that were his sonnes, of good lineaments, and comely personage: the eldest of these dooing obeysance to the King, entred the list, and presented himselfe to the Norman, who immediatly coapt with him, and as a man that would triumph in the glory of his strength, rouzed himself with such wonderfull fury, that not onely he gaue him the fall, but killed him with the weight of his corpulent personage: which the yonger brother seeing, leapt presently into the place, and eagerly thirsting after reuenge, assailed the Nor-

manwith such valour, that at the first encounter hee brought him on his knees, which repulst so the Norman, that recouering himselfe, feare of disgrace doubling his strength, hee kept so earnestly to the yong Franklin, that taking him vp in his armes, hée threw him against the ground so violently, that hée broke his necke, and so ended his dayes with his brother. At this vnlookt-for massacre the people murmured, and were all in a déepe passion of pitie: but the Franklin, father vnto these, neuer changed his countenance, but as a man of a couragious resolution, tooke vp the bodies of his sonnes without shew of outward discontent.

All this while stoode Rosader and saw this Tragedie: who noting the vndoubted vertue of the Franklins mind, alighted off from his Horse, and presently sate downe on the grasse, and commanded his boy to pull off his bootes, making him readie to try the strength of this championbeing furnished as he would, he clapt the Franklin on the shoulder, & said thus: Bold yeoman whose sonnes haue ended the tearme of their yéres with honour, for that I see thou scornest fortune with patience, and thwartest the iniurie of fate with content, in brooking the death of thy sonnes, stand a while & either see me make a third in their tragedie, or else reuenge their fall with an honorable triumph. The Franklin seeing so goodly a Gentleman to giue him such curteous comfort, gaue him hearty thankes with promise to pray for his happy successe. With that Rosader vayled bonnet to the King, and lightly leapt within the lists, where noting more the companie than the combatant, he cast his eyes vpon the troop of Ladies, that glistered like the starres of heauen: but at last, loue willing to make him amorous as hee was valiant, presented him with the sight of Rosalind, whose admirable beauty so inueagled the eye of Rosader, that forgetting himselfe, hee stood, and fed his lookes on the fauor of Rosalinds face, which shee perceiuing, blusht: which was such a doubling of her beauteous excellency, that the bashfull red of Aurora, at the sight of vnacquainted Phaeton, was not halfe so glorious.

The Norman seeing this young Gentleman fettered in the looke of the Ladies, draue him out of his Memento with a shake by the shoulder: Rosader looking backe with an angry frowne, as if he had beene wakened from some pleasant dreame, discouered to all, by the fury of his countenance, that hee was a man of some high thoughts: but when they all noted his youth, and the sweetnesse of his visage,

with

with a generall applause of fauours, they grieued that so goodly a young man should venture in so base an action: but seeing it were to his dishonour to hinder him from his enterprise, they wisht him to be graced with the palme of victorie. After Rosader was thus called out of his *memento* by the Norman, he roughly clapt to him with so fierce an encounter, that they both fell to the ground, and with the violence of the fall were forced to breath: in which space the Norman called to minde by all tokens, that this was hee whom Saladine had appointed him to kill: which coniecture made him stretch euery limbe, and try euery sinew, that working his death he might recouer the gold, which so bountifully was promised him. On the contrary part, Rosader while he breathed was not idle, but still cast his eye vpon Rosalind, who to incourage him with a fauour, lent him such an amorous looke, as might haue made the most coward desperate: which glance of Rosalinde so fierced the passionate desires of Rosader that turning to the Norman he ran vpon him and braued him with a strong encounter: the Norman receiued him as valiantly, that there was a sore combat, hard to iudge on whose side fortune would be prodigall. At last Rosader calling to minde the beauty of his new Mistresse, the fame of his fathers honours, and the disgrace that should fall to his house by his misfortune, rowsed himselfe and threw the Norman against the ground, falling vpon his chest with so willing a weight, that the Norman yelded nature her due, and Rosader the victorie. The death of this Champion, as it highly contented the Franklin, as a man satisfied with reuenge, so it drew the King and all the Peeres into a great admiration, that so young yeeres and so beautifull a personage, should containe such martiall excellence: but when they knew him to bee the youngest sonne of sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, the King rose from his seat and imbraced him, and the Peeres intreated him with all fauourable curtesie commending both his valour & his vertues, wishing him to goe forward in such haughty deeds, that hee might attaine to the glory of his fathers honourable fortunes.

As the King and Lords graced him with embracing, so the Ladies fauoured him with their looses, especially Rosalind, whom the beauty and valour of *Rosader* had already touched: but she accounted loue a toy, and fancy a momentany passion, that as it was taken in with a gaze, might be shaken off with a winke: and therefore

feared not to dally in the flame, and to make Rosader know shee affected him: tooke from her necke a Jewel, and sent it by a Page to the yong gentleman. The Prize that Venus gaue to Paris, was not halfe so pleasing to the Troian, as this Jemme was to Rosader: for if fortune had sworne to make him the sole Monarch of the world, hee would rather haue refused such dignitie, than haue lost the Jewell sent him by Rosalind. To requite her with the like he was vnfurnished yet that he might more than in his lookes discouer his affection, he stept into a tent, and taking pen and paper writ his fancie.

Two Sunnes at once from one faire heauen there shinde,
Ten braunches from two boughes tipt all with roses,
Pure lockes more golden, than is gold refinde,
Two pearled rowes that Natures pride incloses.
Two mounts faire marble white, downe-soft and dainty.
A snow died orbe: where loue inereast by pleasure
Full wofull makes my heart, and body faintie:
Her faire (my woes) exceeds all thought and measure.
In lines confusde my luckleste harme appeareth,
Whom sorrow clowdes, whom pleasant smiling cleareth.

This sonnet he sent to Rosalind, which when she read, she blusht, but with a sweet content in that she perceiued loue had alotted her so amorous a seruant. Leauing her to her new intertained fancies, againe to Rosader, who triumphing in the glorie of this conquest, accompanyed with a troupe of young gentlemen, that were desirous to be his familiers, went home to his brother Saladine, who was walking before the gates, to heare what successe his brother Rosader should haue, assuring himselfe of his death, and deuising how with dissimuled sorow, to celebrate his funerals: as he was in this thoght, hee cast vp his eye, and saw, where Rosader returned with the garland on his head, and hauing won the prize, accompanied with a crue of boon companions: greeued at this, hee stept in and shut the gate. Rosader seeing this, and not looking for such vnkind entertainment, blusht at the disgrace, and yet smothering his griefe with a smile, he turned to the Gentlemen, and desired them to hold his brother excused, for hee did not this vpon a malitious intent or nigardize, but being brought vp in the country, he absented himself, as not finding his

nature

nature fit for such youthfull company. Thus he sought to shadow abuses profered him by his brother, but in vaine, for he could by no meanes bee suffered to enter: wherupon he ran his foot against the doore, and brake it open: drawing his sword, and entring boldly into the Hall, where he found none (for all were fled) but one Adam Spencer, an Englishman, who had beene an old and trustie seruant of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux: hee for the loue he bare to his deceased Master, fauoured the part of Rosader, and gaue him and his such entertainment as he could. Rosader gaue him thanks, and looking about, seeing the Hall empty said: Gentleman you are welcome, frolike, and be merry, you shall be sure to haue wine enough, whatsoeuer your fare be, I tell you Caualiers, my brother hath in his house fiue tunne of wine, and as long as that lasteth, I beshrew him that spareth his lyquor. With that hee burst open the buttery doore, and with the helpe of Adam Spencer couered the Tables, and set downe whatsoeuer hee could find in the house, but what they wanted in meat, was supplyed with drinke, yet had they royall cheare, and withall such harty welcome, as would haue made the coursest meats seeme delicates. After they had feasted & frolickt it twise or thrise with an vpsey freze, they all toke their leaue of Rosader and departed. As soone as they were gone, Rosader growing impatient of the abuse, drew his sword, and swore to be reuenged of the discurteous Saladine: yet by the meanes of Adam Spencer, who sought to continue friendshippe and amity betwixt the brethren, and through the flattering submission of Saladine, they were once againe reconciled, & put vp all forepassed iniuries, with a peaceable agreement, liuing together for a good space in such brotherly loue, as did not onely reioyce the seruants, but made all the Gentlemen and bordering neighbours glad of such friendly concord. Saladine hiding fire in the straw, and concealing a poysoned hate in a peaceable countenance, yet deferring the intent of his wrath till fitter opportunity hee shewed himselfe a great fauorer of his brothers vertuous endeuours: where leauing them in this happy league, let vs returne to Rosalind.

Rosalind returning home from the triumph, after she wared solitary, Loue presented her with the Idea of Rosaders perfection, and taking her at discouert, strake her so deepe, as she felte her selfe grow passing passionate: she began to call to mind the comelinesse of his person, the honor of his parents, and the vertues that excelleth both,

made

made him so gracious in the eyes of euery one. Sucking in thus the hony of loue, by imprinting in her thoughts his rare qualities, she began to surfet with the contemplation of his vertuous conditions, but when she cald to remembrance her present estate, and the hardnesse of her fortunes, desire began to shrink, and fancie to vaile bonnet, that betweene a *Chaos* of confused thoughts, she began to debate with her selfe in this maner.

Saladines passion.

Infortunate Rosalind, whose misfortunes are more than thy yeres, and whose passions are greater than thy patience. The blossoms of thy youth are mixt with the frosts of enuy, and the hope of the ensuing fruits perish in the bud. Thy father is by Torismond banisht from the crowne, and thou the vnhappy daughter of a king detained captiue, liuing as disquieted in thy thoughts, as thy father discontented in his exile. Ah Rosalind, what cares waite vpon a crowne? what griefes are incident to dignity? what sorrowes haunt royall palaces? The greatest seas haue the sorest stormes, the highest birth subiect to the most bale, & of al trees the Cedars soonest shake with the wind small currents are euer calme, low valleys not scorcht in any lightnings nor base men tyed to any baleful preiudice. Fortune flies, and if she touch pouerty, it is with her heele, rather disdaining their want with a frowne, then enioying their wealth with disparagement. Oh Rosalind, hadst thou beene borne low, thou hadst not falne so high, and yet being great of blood, thine honour is more, if thou brookest misfortune with patience. Suppose I contrary fortune with content, yet fates vnwilling to haue me any wayes happy, haue forced loue to set my thoughts on fire with fancie. Loue Rosalind becommeth it women in distresse to thinke on loue? Tush, desire hath no respect of persons, Cupid is blinde and shooteth at randome, alsoone hitting a ragge, as a robe, and piercing alsoone the bosome of a Captiue, as the breast of a Libertine. Thou speakest it poore Rosalind by experience, for being euery way distrest, surcharged with cares, and ouer growne with sorowes, yet amidst the heape of all these mishaps, Loue hath lodged in thy heart the perfection of young Rosader, a man euery way absolute as well for his inward life, as for his outward lyniaments, able to content the eye with beauty, & the eare with the report

report of his vertue. But consider, Rosalind, his fortunes, and thy present estate: thou art poore, and without patrimony, & yet the daughter of a Prince, he a yonger brother, & void of such possession, as either might maintaine thy dignities, or reuenge thy father iniuries. And hast thou not learned this of other Ladies, that Louers cannot liue by lookes: that womens eares are sooner content with a pound of giue me, than a dram of heare me, that gold is sweeter than eloquence: that loue is a fire, and wealth is the fuell: that Venus coffers should bee euer full. Then Rosalind, seeing Rosader is poore, thinke him lesse beautifull, because he is in want, & account his vertues but qualities of course, for that hee is not endued with wealth. Doth not Horace tell thee what method is to be vsed in loue.

Quærenda pecunia primum, post nummos virtus.

Tush Rosalind, be not ouer-rash, leape not before thou looke, either loue such an one as may with his lands purchase thee liberty, or else loue not at all. Chuse not a faire face with an empty purse, but say as most women vse to say:

Si nihil attuleris, ibis Homere foras.

Why Rosalind, can such base thoughts harbour in such high beauties? Can the degree of a princesse, the daughter of Gerismond harbour such seruile conceits, as to prize gold more than honour, or to measure a Gentleman by his wealth, not by his vertues. No Rosalind, blush at thy base resolution, and say if thou louest either Rosader, or none: and why? because Rosader is both beautifull and vertuous. Smiling to her selfe to thinke of her new entertained passions taking out her Lute that lay by her, she warbled out this dittie.

Rosalinds Madrigall.

LOue in my bosome like a Bee,
doth sucke his sweet:
Now with his wings he plaies with mee,
now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast,
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest,
Ah wanton, will yee?

And

And if I sleepe, then pearceth he
with pretie slight,
And makes his pillow of my knee,
the liue-long night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,
He musicke playes, if so I sing,
He lends me euery louing thing,
Yet cruell hee my heart doth sting,
Whilst wanton still yee.
Else I with Roses euery day,
will whip you hence:
And bind you when you long to play,
for your offence.
Ile shut my eyes to keepe you in,
Ile make you fast it for your sinne,
Ile count your power not worth a pinne,
Alas what hereby shall I winne,
If he gain-say me?
What if I beate the wanton boy
with many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
because a God.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosome bee,
Lurke in mine eyes, I like of thee,
O Cupid so thou pitie mee:
Spare not but play thee

Scarce had Rosalind ended her Madrigall, before Torismond came in with his daughter Alinda, and many of the péeres of France, who were enamoured at her beauty: which Torismond perceiuing, fearing lest her perfection might bée the beginning of his preiudice, and the hope of his fruit end in the beginning of her blossomes, hee thought to banish her from the Court: for, quoth hee to himselfe, her face is so ful of fauour, that it pleades pitie in the eye of euery man, her beauty is so heauenly and diuine, that shee will proue to mée as Helen did to Priam: some one of the Péeres will aime at her loue, and the marriage, and then in his wiues right attempt the kingdom. To preuent had I wist in all these actions, shee tarries not about

the

the Court, but shall (as an exile) either wander to her father, or else seeke other fortunes. In this humor, with a sterne countenance full of wrath, he breathed out this censure vnto her before the Peeres that charged her, that that night she were not seene about the Court: for (quoth he) I haue heard of their aspiring speeches, and intended treasons. This doome was strange vnto Rosalind, and presently couered with the shield of her innocencie, she boldly brake out in reuerent termes to haue cleared herselfe: but Torismond would admit of no reason, nor durst his Lords pleade for Rosalind, although her beautie had made some of them passionate, seeing the figure of wrath pourtrayed in his brow. Standing thus all mute, and Rosalind amazed, Alinda who loued her more than her selfe, with griefe in heart and teares in her eyes, falling downe on her knees, began to intreat her father thus.

Alindas oration to her father in defence of *Rosalind*.

IF (mighty Torismond) I offend in pleading for my friend, let the law of amitie craue pardon for my boldnesse: for where there is depth of affection, there friendship alloweth a priuiledge. Rosalind and I haue beene fostred vp from our infancies, and nursed vnder the harbour of our conuersing together, with such priuate familiarities, that custom hath wrought an vnion of nature, and the sympathy of our affections such a secret loue, that wee haue two bodies, & one soule. Then maruell not (great Torismond) seeing my friend distrest, I finde my selfe perplexed with a thousand sorrowes; for her vertuous and honourable thoughts (which are the glories that maketh women excellent) they be such, as may challenge loue, and raise out suspition, her obedience to your Maiestie, I referre to the censure of your owne eye, that since her fathers exile hath smothered al griefe with patience, and in the absence of nature, hath honored you with all dutie, as her owne father by nouriture, not in word vttering any discontent, nor in thought (as far as coniecture may reach) hammering on reuenge: only in all her actions seeking to please you, & to win my fauour. Her wisedome, silence, chastitie, and other such rich qualities, I need not decypher: onely it rests for mee to conclude in one word, that she is innocent. If then, Fortune who triumphs in variety of miseries, hath presented some enuious person (as minister of her intended strategeme) to taint Rosalind with any surmise of treason, let him be brought to her face, and confirme his accusation by wit-

neſſes: which proued, let her die, and Alinda will execute the maſſacre. If none can auouch any confirmed relation of her intent, vſe Iuſtice my Lord, it is the glory of a King, and let her liue in your wonted fauour: for if you baniſh her, my ſelfe as a copartner of her hard fortunes, will participate in exile ſome part of her extremities.

Toriſmond (at this ſpeech of Alinda) couered his face, with ſuch a frowne, as tyranny ſeemed to ſit triumphant in his forehead, & checkt her vp with ſuch taunts as made the Lords (that only were hearers) to tremble. Proud girle (quoth he) hath my lookes made thée ſo light of tongue, or my fauours incouraged thée to bee ſo forward, that thou dareſt preſume to preach after thy Father? Hath not my yéres more experience than thy youth, and the winter of mine age déeper inſight into ciuill policie, than the prime of thy flouriſhing dayes? The old Lion auoides the toyles, where the young one leapes into the nette: the care of age is prouident, and foreſées much: ſuſpition is a vertue, where a man holdes his enemie in his boſome. Thou, fond girle, meaſureſt all by preſent affection, and as thy heart loues, thy thoughts cenſure: but if thou knoweſt that in liking Roſalind, thou hatcheſt vp a bird to pecke out thine owne eyes, thou wouldeſt intreat as much for her abſence as thou delighteſt in her preſence. But why doe I alleadge policie to thée? ſit downe huſwife, and fall to your néedle: if idleneſſe make you ſo wanton, or libertie ſo malipert, I can quickly tye you to a ſharper taſke: and you (mayd) this night be packing, eyther to Arden to your father, or whither beſt it ſhall content your humour, but in the Court you ſhall not abide. This rigorous reply of Toriſmond nothing amazed Alinda, for ſtill ſhe proſecuted her plea in the defence of Roſalind, wiſhing her Father (if his cenſure might not be reuerſt) that he would appoint her partner of her exile: which if he refuſed, either ſhée would by ſome ſecret meanes ſteale out and follow her, or elſe ende her dayes with ſome deſperate kind of death. When Toriſmond heard his daughter ſo reſolute, his heart was ſo hardned againſt her, that hee ſet downe a definitiue & peremptory ſentence, that they ſhould both be baniſhed: which preſently was done. The tyrant rather chooſing to hazard the loſſe of his onely child, then any wayes to put in queſtion the ſtate of his kingdome: ſo ſuſpitious & fearefull is the conſcience of an vſurper. Will although his Lords perſwaded him to retayne his owne Daughter, yet his reſolution might not be reuerſt, but both of them

must

muſt away from the Court, without either more company or delay: In he went with great melancholy, and left theſe two Ladies alone: Roſalind wared very ſad, and ſate downe and wept. Alinda ſhe ſmiled, and ſitting by her friend, began thus to comfort her.

Alindas comfort to perplexed *Roſalind.*

WHy how now Roſalind, diſmayd with a frowne of contrary fortune? Haue I not oft heard thee ſay, that high minds were diſcouered in fortunes contempt, and heroicall ſenne in the depth of extremities? Thou wert wont tell others that complained of diſtreſſe, that the ſweeteſt ſalue for miſerie was patience, and the onely medicine for want, the precious implaiſter of content: being ſuch a good Phyſician to others, wilt thou not miniſter receits to thy ſelfe? But perchance thou wilt ſay:

Conſulenti nunquam caput doluit,

Why then, if the Patients that are ſicke of this diſeaſe, can finde in themſelues neither reaſon to perſwade, nor art to cure, yet (Roſalind) admit of the counſell of a friend and apply the ſalues that may appeaſe thy paſſions. If thou grieueſt that being the daughter of a Prince, that enuie thwarts thee with ſuch hard exigents, thinke that royaltie is a faire marke, that Crownes haue croſſes when mirth is in cottages: they ſay the fairer the roſe is, the ſoner it is bitten with Caterpillers: the more orient the Pearle is the more apt to take a blemiſh: and the greateſt birth, as it hath moſt honor, ſo it hath much enuie. If then fortune aimeth at the faireſt, be patient Roſalind: for, firſt by thine exile thou goeſt to thy father, nature is higher prized then wealth, and the loue of ones parents ought to be more precious then all dignities: why then doth my Roſalind grieue at the frowne of Toriſmond, who by offering her a preiudice, proffers her a greater pleaſure? and more (mad laſſe) to be melancholy, when thou haſt with thee Alinda, a friend, who will bee a faithfull copartner of all thy miſfortunes, who hath left her father to follow thee, and chuſeth rather to brooke all extremities, then to forſake thy preſence. What Roſalind:

Solamen miſeris ſocios habuiſſe doloris.

Thearely woman, as we haue beene bedfellows in royalty, we will be fellow mates in pouertie; I will euer be thy Alinda, & thou ſhalt

euer rest to mée Rosalind, so shall the world canonize our friendship, and speake of Rosalind and Alinda, as they did of Pylades and Orestes. And if euer fortune smile, and wée returne to our former honour, then folding our selues in the swéet of our friendship, we shall merrily say (calling to minde our fore-passed miseries:)

Olim hec meminisse iuuabit.

At this Rosalind began to comfort her, and after shée had wept a few kinde teares in the bosome of her Alinda, shee gaue her hearty thankes, and then they sate them downe to consult how they should trauell. Alinda grieued at nothing but that they might haue no man in their company, saying: it would bée their greatest preiudice, in that two women went wandring without either guide or attendant. Tush (quoth Rosalind) art thou a woman and hast not a sodaine shift to preuent a misfortune? I (thou séest) am of a tall stature, and would very well become the person and apparell of a Page, thou shalt be my Mistris, and I will play the man so properly, that (trust mée) in what company soeuer I come, I will not bee discouered: I will buy mée a sute, and haue a Rapier very handsomely at my side, and if any knaue offer wrong, your Page will shew him the point of his weapon. At this Alinda smiled, and vpon this they agreed and presently gathered vp all their Iewels, wich they trussed vp in a Casket, and Rosalind in all haste prouided her of robes, and Alinda béeing called Aliena, and Rosalind Ganimede; they trauelled along the Vineyards, and by many bywayes, at last got to the Forrest side, where they trauelled for the space of two or thrée dayes without séeing any creature, béeing often in danger of wilde beasts, and pained with many passionate sorrowes. Now the blacke Ore began to treade on their héele, and Alinda thought of her wonted royaltie: but when shée cast her eyes on her Rosalind, shée thought euery danger a step to honour. Passing thus on along, about midday they came to a Fountaine, compast with a groue of Cypresse trée, so cunningly and curiously planted, as if some Goddesse had intreated Nature in that place to make her an Arbour. By this Fountaine sate Aliena and her Ganimede, and forth they pulled such victuals as they had, and fed as merrily as if they had béene in Paris with all the Kings delicates: Aliena onely grieuing that they could not so much as méete with a Shepheard, to discouer them the way to some place where they

might

might make their abode. At last Ganimede casting vp his eye, espied whereon a tree was ingrauen certaine verses: which assoone as hee espied, he cried out, be of good cheere Mistris, I spie the figures of men: for heere in these trees bee ingrauen certaine verses of Shepheards, or some other Swaines that inhabite hereabout. With that Aliena start vp ioyfully to heare these newes, and looked, where they found in the barke of a tree this passion.

Montanus passion.

HAdst thou been borne whereas perpetuall cold
Makes *Tanais* hard, and mountaines siluer old:
Had I complaind vnto a marble stone,
Or to the flouds bewrayd my bitter mone,
I then could beare the burthen of my griefe:
But euen the pride of Countries at thy birth,
Whilest heauen did smile, did new array the earth,
with flowers chiefe:
Yet thou the flower of beauty blessed borne,
Hast pretie lookes, but all attirde in scorne.

Had I the power to weepe sweet *Mirrhas* teares,
Or by my teares to pierce repining eares:
Hadst thou the heart to smile at my complaint,
To scorne the woes that doth my heart attaint,
I then could beare the burthen of my griefe:
But not my teares, but truth with thee preuailes,
And seeming sowre thy sorrowes thee assailes:
yet shall relieue.
For if thou wilt, thou art of marble hard:
And if thou please, my suite shall soone be heard:

No doubt (quoth Aliena) this polie is the passion of some perplexed shepheard, that being enamored of some faire and beautifull Shepheardesse, suffered some sharpe repulse, and therefore complained of the crueltie of his Mistris. You may see (quoth Ganimede) what mad cattell you women bee, whose hearts sometime are made of Adamant, that will touch with no impression, and sometime of

ware, that is fit for euery forme: they delight to be courted, and then they glory to seeme coy, and when they are most desired, then they freeze with disdaine: and this fault is so common to that sexe, that you see it painted out in the Shepheards passions, who found his Mistris as froward, as hee was enamoured. And I pray you (quoth Aliena) if your robes were off, what metall are you made of, that you are so satyricall against women? Is it not a foule bird defiles the owne nest? Beware (Ganimede) that Rosader heare you not, if hee doe, perchance you will make him leape so farre from loue, that hee will anger euery veyne in your heart. Thus (quoth Ganimede) I keepe decorum, I speake now as I am Alienas Page, not as I am Gerismonds daughter: for put me but into a petticoate, and I will stand in defiance, to the vttermost, that women are curteous, constant, vertuous, and what not. Stay there quoth Aliena) and no more, for yonder be characters grauen vpon the barke of a Beech tree: let vs see (quoth Ganimede) and with that they read a sonne written to this effect.

Firſt ſhall the heauens want ſtarry light,
The ſeas be robbed of their waues:
The day want Sunne, and Sunne want bright,
The night want ſhade, the dead men graues.
The Aprill flowers, and leaſes, and tree,
Before I falſe my faith to thee.

Firſt ſhall the top of higheſt hills,
By humble plaines be ouerpride,
And Poets ſcorne the Muſes quills,
And fiſh forſake the water glide.
And *Iris* loſe her coloured weed,
Before I faile thee at thy need

Firſt direfull hate ſhall turne to peace,
And loue relent in deepe diſdaine,
And death his fatall ſtroke ſhall ceaſe,
And enuie pitie euery paine,
And pleaſure mourne, and ſorrow ſmile,
Before I talke of any guile.

Fir

First Time shall stay his staileſſe race,
And winter bleſſe his browes, with corne,
And Snow bemoiſten Iulies face,
And winter ſpring and ſummer mourne,
Before my penne by helpe of fame,
Ceaſe to recite thy ſacred name.

Montanus.

No doubt (quoth Ganimede) this proteſtation grew from one ful of paſſions. I am of that minde too (quoth Aliena) but ſée I pray, when poore women ſéeke to kéepe themſelues chaſte, how men woe them with many fained promiſes, alluring with ſwéete words as the Syrens, and after proouing as trothleſſe as Æneas. Thus promiſed Demophoon to his Phillis, but who at laſt grew more falſe: The reaſon was (quoth Ganimede) that they were Womens ſonnes, and tooke their fault of their mother, for if man had growne from man as Adam did from the earth, men had neuer béene troubled with inconſtancie. Leaue off (quoth Aliena) to taunt thus bitterly, or els Ile pull off your Pages apparell and whip you, as Venus doth her wantons with nettles. So you will (quoth Ganimede) perſwade mée to flatterie, and that néeds not, but, come, ſéeing wée haue found here by this Font, the tract of Shepheards by their Madrigals, and Roundelayes, let vs forward, for either wée ſhall finde ſome foldes, ſhéepecoates or elſe ſome cottage, wherein for a day or two to reſt. Content (quoth Aliena) and with that they roſe vp, and marched forward till toward the euen: and then comming into a faire valley compaſſed with mountaines, whereon grew many pleaſant ſhrubs, they might deſcry where two flockes of ſhéepe did féede.

Then looking about, they might perceiue where one old Shepheard ſate, and with him a young ſwaine, vnder a couert moſt pleaſantly ſituated. The ground where they ſate was diapzed with Floraes riches, as ſhée meant to wrappe Tellus in the glory of her beſt ments: round about in forme of an Amphitheater, were moſt curiouſlie planted Pine trées, interſeamed with Limons and Citrons, which

which with the thicknesse of their boughs, so shadowed the place, that Phœbus could not prie into the secrets of that Arbor, so united were the tops of so thicked a closure, that Venus might there, in her iollity, haue dallied vnsene with her dearest paramor: fast by (to make the place more gorgeous) was there a Font so christaline & clere, that it semed Diana with her Driades, and Hemidriades, had that spring as the secret of all their bathings. In this glorious Arbor sate these two Shepheards, seing their shepe fede, playing on their pypes many pleasant tunes, and from musicke and melody falling into such amorous chat, drawing more nigh, wee might descrie the countenance of the one to be very full of sorrow: his face to be the very portraiture of discontent, and his eyes ful of woes, that liuing he semed to die: we (to se what these two were) stole priuily behind the thick, where we ouerheard this discourse.

A pleasant Eglogue betweene Montanus *and* Coridon.

Coridon,

SAy Sheapheards boy, what makes thee greet so sore,
Why leaues thy pype his pleasure and delight?
Young are thy yeares, thy cheekes with Roses dight,
Then sing for ioy (sweet swaine) and sigh no more.

This milke-white Poppy and this climbing Pine,
Both promise shade, then sit thee downe and sing,
And make these woods with pleasant notes to ring,
Till Phœbus daine all Westward to decline.

Montanus.

Ah (*Coridon*) vnmeet is melodie
To him whom proud contempt hath ouerborne:
Slaine are my ioyes by Phœbus bitter scorne,
Far hence my weale, and neere my ieopardie.

Loues burning brand is couched in my breast,
Making a *Phœnix* of my faithfull heart,
And though his fury doe inforce my smart,
Ah blith am I to honour his behest.

Prepard

Prepar'd to woes since so my Phœbe wills,
My lookes dismaid since Phœbe will disdaine:
I banish blisse and welcome home my paine,
So streames my teares as showres from Alpine hils

In errors maske I blindfold iudgements eye,
I fetter reason in the snares of lust:
I seeme secure, yet know not how to trust,
I liue by that which makes me liuing die.

Deuoide of rest companion of distresse,
Plague to my selfe, consumed by my thought:
How may my voice or pipe in tune be brought,
Since I am reft of solace and delight?

Coridon

A lorrel Lad, what makes thee her to loue,
A sugred harme, a poison full of pleasure:
A painted shrine fulfil'd with rotten treasure,
A heauen in shew, a hell to them that proue.

A gaine in seeming, shadowed still with want,
A broken staffe which follie dote vphold:
A flower that fades with euery frostie cold,
An Orient Rose sprung from a withered plant.

A minutes ioy, to gaine a world of griefe:
A subtill net to snare the idle minde:
A seeming Scorpion, yet in seeming blind,
A poore reioyce, a plague without reliefe.

For thee *Montanus* follow mine areede,
Whom age hath taught the traines that fancy vseth:
Leaue fooliſh loue, for beauty wit abuseth,
And drownes (oy folly) vertues springing seede.

Montanus.

So blames the child the flame, because it burnes,

And bird the ſnare, becauſe it doth entrap:
And fooles true loue, becauſe of ſorry hap,
And ſailers curſe the ſhip that ouerturnes.

But would the child forbeare to play with flame,
And birds beware to truſt the foulers gin:
And fooles foreſee before they fall and ſin,
And maiſters guide their ſhips in better frame.

The child would praiſe the fire becauſe it warmes,
And birds reioyce to ſee the fowler faile:
And fooles preuent, before their plagues preuaile,
And ſailers bleſſe the barkes that faue from harmes.

Ah *Coridon*, though many be thy yeeres,
And crooked olde hath ſome experience left:
Yet is thy minde of iudgement quite bereft,
In view of loue, whoſe power in me appeares,

The Plough-man little wots to turne the pen,
Or booke-man skil's to guide the plough-mans cart:
Nor can the Cobler count the termes of art,
Nor baſe men iudge the thoughts of mighty men.

Nor withered age (vnmeete for beauties guide,
Vncapable of loues impreſſion)
Diſcourſe of that, whoſe choiſe poſſeſſion,
May neuer to ſo baſe a man betide.

But I (whom nature makes of tender molde,
And youth moſt plaint yeelds to fancies fire)
Do build my hauen and heauen on ſweet deſire:
On ſweet deſire more deare to me then gold.

Thinke I of loue? Oh how my lines aſpire,
Haſt thou the Muſes to imbrace my browes,
And hem my temples in with Lawrell bowes,
And fill my braines with chaſte and holy fire.

Then leaue my lines their homely equipage,
Mounted beyond the circle of the Sunne:
Amaz'd I reade the ſtile when I haue done,
And her I loue that ſent that heauenly rage.

Of Phebe then, of Phebe then I ſing,
Drawing the puritie of all the ſpheares,
The pride of earth, or what in heauen appeares,
Her honoured face, and fame to light to bring

In fluent members, and in pleaſant vaines,
I robbe both ſea and earth of all their ſtate,
To praiſe her parts I charme both time and fate,
To bleſſe the Nymph that yeelds me loueſicke paines.

My ſheepe are turn'd to thoughts, whom froward will,
Guides in the Labyrinth of reſtleſſe loue,
Feare lends them paſture whereſoere they moue,
And by their death their life renounceth ſtill.

My ſheep-hooke is my pen, mine oaten reede
My paper where my many woes are written,
Thus ſillie ſwaine (with loue and fancy bitten)
I trace the plaints of paine in woful weede.

Yet are my cares, my broken ſleepes my teares,
My dreames, my doubt, for Phebe ſweet to me:
Who waiteth heauen in ſorrowes vale muſt be,
And glorie ſhines where danger moſt appeares.

Then *Coridon* although I blithe me not,
Blame me not man, ſince ſorrow is my ſweet,
So willeth loue, and Phebe thinkes it meete,
And kinde *Montanus* liketh wel his lot.

Coridon.

Oh ſtayleſſe youth, by errour ſo miſguided,
Where will preſcribeth, lawes to perfect wits,

Where reason mournes, and blame in triumph sits,
And folly poisoneth all that time prouided.

With wilfull blindnesse bleard, prepard to shame,
Prone to neglect occasion when she smiles:
Alas that loue by fond and froward guiles,
Should make thee tract the path to endlesse blame.

Ah (my *Montanus*) cursed is the charme,
That hath bewitched so thy youthfull eyes:
Leaue off in time, to like these vanities,
Beforward to thy good, and flee thy harme.

As many Bees as *Hibla* daily shields,
As many frie as fleete on Oceans face,
As many heards as on the earth doe trace,
As many flowers as decke the fragrant fields.

As many starres as glorious heauen containes,
As many storms as wayward winter weepes,
As many plagues as hell inclosed keepes:
So many griefes in loue, so many paines.

Suspicion, thoughts, desires, opinions, prayers,
Mislikes, misdeeds, fond ioys, and fained peace,
Illusions, dreames, great paines, and small increase,
Vows, hope, acceptance, scornes, and deepe despaires.

Truce, warre, and woe, doe waite at beauties gate:
Time lost, laments, reports, and priuie grudge,
And last, fierce Loue is but a partiall Iudge,
Who yeelds for seruice, shame: for friendship, hate.

Montanus.

All adder-like I stop mine eares (fond swaine)
So charme no more, for I will neuer change,
Call home thy flocke betime that straggling range,
For loe, the Sunne declineth hence amaine.

Terentius.

In amore hæ insunt vitia: iurgia, inimicitiæ, bellum, pax rursum: incerta hæc si tu postules, ratione certa fieri, nihil oplus agas, quam si des operam, vt cum ratione insanias.

The Shepheards thus hauing ended their Eglogue, Aliena kept with Ganimede from behind the thicket: at whose suddaine sight the Shepheards rose and Aliena saluted them thus: Shepheards all haile (for such wée déeme you by your flockes) and louers good lucke, (for such you séeme by your passions) our eyes béeing witnesse of the one, and our eares of the other. Although not by loue, yet by fortune I am a distressed Gentlewoman, as sorrowful as you are passionate, and as full of woes as you are of perplexed thoughts: wandring this way in a forrest vnknowne, onely I and my Page, wearied with trauell, would faine haue some place of rest. May you appoint vs any place of quiet harbour (bée it neuer so meane) I shall be thankfull to you, contented in my selfe, and grateful to whomsoeuer shal be mine Host. Coridon hearing the Gentlewoman to speake so curteously, returned her mildly and reuerently this answere.

Faire Mistris, wé returne you as hearty welcome as you gaue vs a curteous salute. A Shepheard I am, and this a Louer, as watchfull to please his wench as to fede his shéepe: full of fansies and therefore saie I, full of follies. Exhort him I may, but perswade him I cannot, for loue admits neither of counsaile nor reason. But leauing him to his passions, if you bée distrest, I am sorrowfull such a faire creature is crost with calamitie: pray for you I may, but relieue you I cannot: marry if you want lodging, if you vouchsafe to shroud your selues in a Shepheards cottage, my house for this night shall bée your harbour. Aliena thankt Coridon greatly, and presently sate her downe, and Ganimede by her. Coridon loking earnestly vpon her, and with a curteous survey viewing all her perfections, applauded in his thought her excellence, and pitying her distresse, as desirous to know the cause of her misfortunes, beganne to question with her thus.

If I should not (faire Damsell) occasionate offence, or renew your griefes by rubbing the scar, I would faine craue so much fauor as to know the cause of your misfortunes; and why, and whither you wander with your Page in so dangerous a Forrest? Aliena

(that was as curteous as shee was faire) made this reply: Shepe heard, a friendly demand ought neuer to be offensiue, and questions of curtesie carry priuiledged pardons in their foreheads. Know therefore, to discouer my fortunes were to renew my sorrowes, and I should by discoursing my mishaps, but take fire out of the cinders. Therefore let this suffice gentle Shepheard, my distresse is as great, as my trauaile is dangerous, and I wander in this Forrest to light on some cottage, where I and my Page may dwell: for I meane to buy some Farme, and a flocke of shéepe, to become a Shepheardesse, meaning to liue low, and content me with a country life: for I haue heard the Swaines say, that they drunke without suspicion, and slept without care. Marry mistris (quoth Coridon) if you meane so, you come in good time: for my Landlord intends to sell both the farme I till, and the flocke I kéepe, and cheape you may haue them for ready money: and for the Sheapheards life (oh Mistris) did you but liue a while in their content, you would say the Court were rather a place of sorrow than of solace. Here Mistris shall not fortune thwart you, but in meane missortunes, as the losse of a few sheepe, which, as it breeds beggerie, so it can bee no extreame preiudice: the next yéere may amend all with a freshe encrease. Enuie stirres not vs, we couet not to climbe, our desires mount not aboue our degrees, nor our thoughts aboue our fortunes. Care cannot harbour in our cottages, nor doe our homely couches know broken slumbers: as we exceede not in diet, so wée haue enough to satisfie: and Mris, I haue so much Latin, *Satis quod est sufficit*.

By my truth Shepheard (quoth Aliena) thou makest mée in loue with thy Country life, and therefore send for thy Landlord, and I will buy thy Farme and thy flocks and thou shalt still vnder mée be ouerseer of them both: onely for pleasure sake, I and my Page will serue you, leade the flockes to the field, & fold them: thus will I liue quiet, vnknowne, and contented. The newes so gladded the heart of Coridon, that he should neuer bée put out of his Farme, that putting off his shepheards bonnet, he did her all the reuerence he might. But all this while sate Montanus in a muse, thinking of the crueltie of his Phebe, whom hée loued long, but was in hope to winne. Ganimede, who still had the remembrance of Rosader in his thoughts, tooke delight to sée the poore Shepheard passionate, laughing at loue, that in all his actions was so imperious. At last, when she had noted his

his teares that stole downe his cheeks, and his sighs that broke from the center of his heart, pittying his lament, she demaunded of Coridon, why the young shepheard looked so sorrowfull? Oh sir (quoth he) the boy is in loue. Why (quoth Ganimede) can shepheards loue? I (quoth Montanus) and ouer-loue, else should not thou see mee so pensiue. Loue I tell thee is as precious in a shepheards eye, as in the lookes of a King, and we country swaines entertaine fancie with as great delight, as the proudest Courtier doth affection. Opportunitie (that is the sweetest friend to Venus) harboreth in our cottages, and loyaltie (the chiefe fealtie that Cupid requireth) is found more among sheapheards then higher degrees; Then aske not if such silly swaines can loue. What is the cause then quoth Ganimede, that loue being so swéet to thee, thou lookest so sorrowfull? Because (quoth Montanus) the partie beloued is froward: and hauing curtesie in her lookes, holdeth disdaine in her tongues end. What hath she then (quoth *Aliena*) in heart? desire I hope Madam (quoth he) or else my hope is lost, dispaire in loue were date. As thus they chatted, the sonne being ready to set, and they not hauing folded their sheepe, Coridon requested she should sit there with her Page, till Montanus and he lodged their sheepe for that night. You shall goe, quoth *Aliena*, but first I will intreat Montanus to sing some amorous sonnet, that hee made when hee had béene dépely passionate. That I will quoth Montanus, and with that he beganne thus.

Montanus

Phœbe sate,
Sweet shee sate:
Sweete sate Phœbe when I saw her.
White her brow,
Coy her eye:
Brow and eye how much you please me.
Words I spent,
Sighes I spent:
Sighes and words could neuer draw her.
Oh my loue,
Thou art lost:
Since no sight could euer ease thee,

Phœbe

Phœbe ſate,
By a fount:
Sitting by a fount I ſpide her.
Sweet her touch,
Rare her voice,
Touch and voyce, what may diſtaine you?
As ſhe ſung,
I did ſigh.
And by ſighs whilſt I tride her.
Oh mine eyes,
You did looſe:
Her firſt ſight whoſe want did paine you.

Phœbes flockes,
White as Woll?
Yet were Phœbes lookes more whiter.
Phœbes eyes
Doue-like milde;
Doue-like eyes, both milde and cruell.
Montan ſweares
In your lap,
He will die for to delight her.
Phœbe yeeld,
Or I die.

Shall true hearts be fancies fuell?

Montanus had no ſooner ended this Sonnet, but Coridon with a low curteſie roſe vp, and went with his fellow, and ſhut their ſheepe in the foldes: and after returning to Aliena and Ganimede, conducted them home wearie to his poore cottage. By the way there was much good chat with Montanus about his loue: hee reſoluing Aliena, that Phœbe was the faireſt Shepheardeſſe in all France, and that in his eye, her beautie was equall to the Nimphes.

But quoth hee, as of all ſtones, the Diamond is the cleereſt, and yet moſt hard for the Lapidarie to cut, as of al flowers the roſe is the faireſt, and yet guarded with the ſharpeſt prickles: ſo of all our countrie Laſſes, Phœbe is the brighteſt, but the moſt coy of all to ſtoope vnto deſire. But let her take heed, quoth he, I haue heard of Narciſſus,

who

who for his high disdaine against loue, perished in the folly of his owne loue. With this they were at Coridons Cottage, where Montanus parted from them, and they went in to rest. Alinda and Ganimede, glad of so contented a shelter, made merrie with the poore Swaine, and though they had but Country fare, and course lodging, yet the welcome was so great, and their cares so little, that they counted their diet delicate, and slept as soundly as if they had beene in the Court of Torismond.

The next morne they lay long in bed, as wearied with the toyle of vnaccustomed trauell: but as soone as they got vp, Alinda resolued there to set vp their rest, and by the helpe of Coridon, swapt a bargaine with his Landlord, and so became a Mistresse of the farme and of the flocke, her selfe putting on the attire of a Shepheardesse, and Ganimede of a young Swaine: euery day leading forth her flocks, with such delight, that shee held her exile happie, and thought no content to the blisse of a Country Cottage. Leauing her thus famous amongst the Shepherds of Arden, againe to Saladine.

When Saladine had a long while concealed a secret resolution of reuenge, and could no longer hide fire in the flare, nor Oyle in the flame: (for enuie is like lightning, that will appeare in the darkest fogge.) It chanced in a morning very early, he cald vp certain of his seruants, and went with them to the chamber of Rosader, which being open, he entred with his crue, and surprised his brother when he was a sléepe, and bound him in fetters, and in the midst of his Hall chained him to a post. Rosader amazed at this strange chance, began to reason with his brother about the cause of this sudden extremity, wherein he had wronged, and what fault he had committed worthy so sharpe a penance. Saladine answered him onely with a looke of disdaine, and went his way, leauing poore Rosader in a déep perplexity. Who thus abused, fell into sundry passions, but no meanes of reliefe could be had: whereupon for anger he grew into a discontented melancholy; in which humor he continued two or thrée dayes without meate: insomuch that séeing his brother would giue him no food, he fel into dispaire of his life. Which Adam Spencer the olde Seruant of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux séeing, touched with the dutie and loue he had to his old Master, felt a remorse in his conscience of his sonnes mishap. And therefore although Saladine had giuen a general charge to his seruants, that none of them vpon paine of death, should

giue either meat or drinke to Rosader, yet Adam Spencer in the night rose secretly, and brought him such victuals as he could prouide, and vnlockt him, and set him at liberty.

After Rosader had well feasted himselfe, and felt hée was lose, straight his thoughts aymed at reuenge, and now (all béeing a slépe) he would haue quit Saladine with the method of his owne mischiefe: but Adam Spencer did perswade him to the contrary with these reasons: Sir (quoth he) be content for this night, go againe to your old fetters, so shall you try the faith of friends, and saue the life of an old seruant. To morrow hath your brother inuited al your kindred and allyes to a solemne breakefast, only to sée you, telling them that you are mad, and faine to be tyed to a post. As soone as they come, complaine to them of the abuse proffered you by Saladin. If they redresse you, why so, but if they passe ouer your plaints, *sicco pede*, and hold with the violence of your brother before your innocency, then thus: I will leaue you vnlockt, that you may breake out at your pleasure, and at the end of the hall you shall sée stand a couple of good Pollares, one for you, and another for me. When I giue you a winke, shake off your chains and let vs play the men, and make hauocke amongst them, driue them out of the house, and maintaine possession by force of armes, till the King haue made a redresse of your abuses.

These words of Adam Spencer so perswaded Rosader, that hée went to the place of his punishment, and stood there while the next morning. About the time appointed, came all the guests bidden by Saladine, whom he intreated with so curteous and curious entertainment, as they al perceiued their welcome to be great. The Tables in the hall where Rosader was tyed, were couered and Saladine bringing in his guests together, shewed them where his brother was bound, & was inchaind as a man lunatike. Rosader made reply, and with some inuectiues made complaints of the wrongs proffered him by Saladin, desiring they would in pitie séeke some means for his reliefe. But in vaine, they had stopt their eare with Vlisses, that were his words neuer so forcible, he breathed only his passions to the wind. They careleste sate downe with Saladine to dinner, béeing very frolike and pleasant, washing their heads well with wine. At last, when the fume of the grape had entred pel-mell into their brainos, they began in satyricall spéeches to raile against Rosader: which Adam no longer brooking, gaue the signe, & Rosader shaking off the chaines

got

got a pollaxe in his hand, and flew amongst them with such violence and fury, that he hurt many, slue some, and draue his brother, and all the rest quite out of the house. Seeing the coast cleere, hee shut the doore, and being sore an hungred, & seeing such good victualls hee sate him downe with Adam Spencer, and such good fellowes as hee knew were honest men, and there feasted themselues with such prouision as Saladine had prepared for his friends. After they had taken their repast, Rosader rampired vp the house, lest vpon a suddaine his brother should raise some crue of his tenants, and surprize them vnawares. But Saladine tooke a contrary course, and went to the sheriffe of the shire, and made complaint of Rosader, who giuing credite to Saladine, in a determined resolution to reuenge the gentlemans wrongs, tooke with him fiue and twenty tall men, and made a vow, either to breake into the house and take Rosader, or else to cope him in till he made him yéld by famine. In this determination gathering a crew together, he went forward to set Saladine in his former estate. Newes of this was brought to Rosader, who smiling at the cowardize of his brother, brooked all the iniuries of fortune with patience, expecting the comming of the Sheriffe. As hee walkt vpon the battlements of the house, he descried where Saladine and he drew néere, with a troope of lustie gallants. At this he smild, and called Adam Spencer, & shewed him the enuious trecherie of his brother, and the follie of the Sheriffe, to be so credulous: now Adam quoth he, what shal I doe? It rests in me, either to yéld vp the house to my brother, and séeke a reconcilement, or else issue out, and breake through the companie with courage: for cept in like a coward, I will not bee. If I submit (ah Adam) I dishonour my selfe, & that is worse than death, for by such open disgraces the fame of men growes odious: if I issue out against them, fortune may fauour me, and that I may escape with life: but suppose the worst, if I bee slaine, then my death shall be honorable to me, & so vnequall a reuenge infamous to Saladine. Why then (master) forward, and feare not, out amongst them, they be but faint hearted lozels: and for Adam Spencer if hée die not at your foote, say he is a dastard. These words chéered vp so the heart of young Rosader, that hée thought himselfe sufficient for them all, and therefore prepared weapons for him and Adam Spencer, and were readie to entertaine the Sheriffe: for no sooner came Saladine and he to the gates, but Rosader vnlookt for, leapt out, and

assailed them, wounded many of them, and caused the rest to giue backe, so that Adam and hee broke through the preasse in dispight of them all, and tooke their way towards the forrest of Arden. This repulse so set the Sheriffes heart on fire to reuenge, that he straight raised all the country, and made Hue and Cry after them. But Rosader and Adam, knowing full well the secret wayes that led through the Vineyards, stole away priuily through the Prouince of Burdeaux, and escaped safe to the forrest of Arden. Being come thither, they were glad they had so good a harbor: for fortune (who is like the Camelion) variable with euery obiect, and constant in nothing but inconstancie, thought to make them mirrors of mutabilitie, and therefore still crost them thus contrarily. Thinking still to passe on by the by-wayes to get to Lions, they chanced on a path that led into the thick of the forrest where they wandered fiue or sixe dayes without meat, that they were almost famished, finding neither shepheard nor cottage to relieue them: and hunger growing on so extreame, Adam Spencer (being old) began to faint, and setting him downe on a hill, and looking about him, espied where Rosader lay as feeble and as ill perplexed: which sight made him shedde teares, and to fall into these bitter tearmes.

Adam Spencers Speech.

O A how the life of man may well be compared to the state of the Ocean seas, that for euery calme hath a thousand stormes, resembling the Rose tree, that for a few flowers, hath a multitude of sharpe prickles: all our pleasures ende in paine, and our highest delights are crossed with deepest discontents. The ioyes of man, as they are few so are they momentany, scarce ripe before they are rotten: and withering in the blossome, either parched with heate of enuie or fortune. Fortune, oh inconstant friende, that in all thy deedes art froward and fickle, delighting in the pouerty of the lowest, and the ouerthrow of the highest. To discipher thy inconstancie: Thou standest vpon a globe, & thy wings are plumed with Times feathers, that thou maist neuer be restlesse: thou art double faced like Janus, carrying frownes in the one to threaten, and smiles in the other to betray, thou proffereste an Eele, & performest a Scorpion, and where thy greatest fauours bee, there is the feare of the extreamest

misfor-

misfortunes, so variable are all thy actions. But why (Adam) dost thou exclaime against fortune? shee laughs at the plaints of the distressed: and there is nothing more pleasing to her, than to heare fooles boast in her fading allurements, or sorrowfull men to discouer the sowre of their passions. Glut her not Adam then with content, but thwart her with brooking all mishaps with patience. For there is no greater checke to the pride of fortune, then with a resolute courage to passe ouer her crosses without care. Thou art old, Adam, and thy haires wax white, the Palme tree is already ful of blomes, and in the furrowes of thy face appeare the Callenders of death. Wert thou blessed by fortune, thy yeares could not be many, nor the date of thy life long: then sith nature must haue her due, what is it for thee to resigne her debt a little before the day. Ah it is not this which grieueth me, nor doe I care what mishaps fortune can wage against me: but the sight of Rosader, that galleth vnto the quicke. When I remember the worthips of his house, the honour of his fathers, and the vertues of himselfe: then doe I say, that fortune and fates are most iniurious, to censure so hard extreames, against a youth of so great hope. Oh Rosader, thou art in the flower of thine age, and in the pride of thine yeers, burome, and full of May. Nature hath prodigally inricht thee with her fauours, and vertue made thee the myrror of her excellence: and now through the decree of the vniuft ftars, to haue all these good parts nipt in the blade, and blemisht by the inconstancie of fortune: Ah Rosader, could I helpe thee, my griefe were the lesse, and happy should my death bee, if it might bee the beginning of thy reliefe: but seeing wee perish both in one extreame, it is a double sorrow. What shall I doe? preuent the sight of his further misfortune, with a present dispatch of mine owne life. Ah, despaire is a mercilesse sinne.

As he was ready to goe forward in his passion, he looked earnestly on Rosader, and seeing him change colour, hee rose vp and went to him, and holding his temples, said: what cheere maister? though all faile, let not the heart faint: the courage of a man is shewed in the resolution of his death. At these words Rosader lifted vp his eyes, and looking on Adam Spencer, began to weepe. Ah Adam quoth he, I sorrow not to die, but I grieue at the manner of my death. Might I with my lance encounter the enemie, and so die in the field, it were honor and content: might I (Adam) combat with some wilde

beast, I perish as his prey, I were satisfied: but to die with hunger, Oh Adam, it is the extreamest of all extreames. Master (quoth he) you see we are both in one predicament, and long I cannot liue without meate: seeing therefore we can find no foode, let the death of the one preserue the life of the other, I am old, and ouer-worne with age, you are young, and are the hope of many honours, let me then die, I will presently cut my veynes: and (master) with the warme bloud, relieue your fainting spirits, suck on that till I end, and you bee comforted. With that Adam Spencer was ready to pull out his knife: when Rosader full of courage, though very faint, rose vp, and wilht Adam Spencer to sit there till his returne: for my mind giues me, quoth he, I shall bring thee meate. With that, like a mad man he rose vp, and ranged vp and downe the woods, seeking to encounter som wild beast with his rapier, that either he might carry his friend Adam foode, or else pledge his life, in pawne of his loyaltie. It happened that day, that Gerismond the lawfull King of France, banished by Torismond, who with a lustie crew of outlawes liued in that Forrest, that day in honour of his birth, made a feast to all his bold yeomen, and frolickt it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table vnder the shadow of Limmon trees: to that place by chance fortune conducted Rosader, who seeing such a crew of braue men, hauing store of that, for want of which hee and Adam perished, he stept boldly to the boords end, and saluted the Company thus.

Whatsoeuer thou be that art master of these lustie squires, I salute thee as graciously, as a man in extreame distresse may: knowe that I & a fellow friend of mine, are here famished in the forrest for want of foode: perish we must, vnlesse relieued by thy fauours. Therefore if thou be a Gentleman, giue meat to men, and such as are euery way worthie of life, let the proudest squire that sits at thy table rise and encounter with me in any honorable point of actiuity whatsoeuer, and if he and thou proue me not a man, send me away comfortlesse, if thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will haue amongst you with my sword, for rather will I die valiantly, than perish with so cowardly an extreame, Gerismond looking him earnestly in the face, & seeing so proper a Gentleman in so bitter a passion, was moued with so great pitie, that rising from the table, he tooke him by the hande, and bade him welcome, willing him to sitte downe in his place, and in his roome, not onely to eate his fill, but as

Lord

Lord of the feast. Gramercy sir (quoth Rosader) but I haue a feeble friend that lies hereby famished almost for foode, aged, and therefore lesse able to abide the extremity of hunger than my selfe, & dishonour it were for mée to taste one crum, before I made him partner of my fortune: therefore will I run and fetch him, & then I will gratefully accept of your proffer. Away hies Rosader to Adam Spencer, & tells him the newes, who was glad of so happie fortune, but so feeble hée was that he could not goe: whereupon Rosader got him vpon his backe, and brought him to the place. Which when Gerismond and his men saw they greatly applauded their league of friendship: and Rosader hauing Gerismonds place assigned him, would not sit there himselfe, but set downe Adam Spencer. Well, to be short, those hungry squires fell to their victuals, & feasted themselues with good delicates, & great store of wine. Assoone as they had taken their repast, Gerismond desirous to heare what hard fortune drawe them into those bitter extremities, requested Rosader to discourse, (if it were not any way preiudiciall vnto him) the cause of his trauell. Rosader desirous any way to satisfie the curtesie of his fauourable Host, first beginning his exordium with a volly of sighs, and a few luke-warme teares, prosecuted his discourse, & told him from point to point all his fortunes, how hée was the youngest sonne of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, his name Rosader, how his brother sundry times had wronged him, and lastly, how for beating the Sheriffe, & hurting his men hée fled: and this old man (quoth he) whom I doe much loue and honour, is surnamed Adam Spencer, an old seruant of my Fathers, and one (that for his loue) neuer failed me in all my misfortunes. When Gerismond heard this, hée fell on the necke of Rosader, and next discourting vnto him, how he was Gerismond their lawful King, exiled by Torismond, what familiarity had euer béene betwixt his father Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux and him, how faithfull a subiect he liued, and how honourably he died: promising for his sake, to giue both him and his friend such curteous entertainement, as his present estate could minister: and vpon this made him one of his Foresters.

Rosader séeing it was the King, craued pardon for his boldnesse, in that he did not doe him due reuerence, & humbly gaue him thanks for his fauourable curtesie. Gerismond not satisfied yet with newes, began to enquire if hée had béene lately in the Court of Torismond, and whether hee had séene his daughter Rosalind or no. At this

Rosader

Rosader fetcht a great sigh, and shedding many teares, could not answere: yet at last, gathering his spirits together, he reuealed to the King how Rosalind was banished and how there was such a sympathie of affections betweene Alinda and her, that she chose rather to be partaker of her exile, than to part fellowship: whereupon the vnnaturall King banished them both: and now they are wandred, none knowes whither, neither could any learne since their departure, the place of their abode. This newes driue the King into a great melancholy, that presently he arose from all the company, and went into his priuy chamber, so secret as the harbour of the woods would allow him. The company was all dalht at these tidings, and Rosader and Adam Spencer, hauing such opportunity, went to take their rest. Where we leaue them, and returne againe to Torismond.

The sight of Rosader came to the eares of Torismond, who hearing that Saladine was sole heire of the lande of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, desirous to possesse such faire reuenues, found iust occasion to quarrel with Saladine, about the wrongs he proffered to his brother: and therefore dispatching a Herault, hee sent for Saladine in all post haste, who meruelling what the matter should be, began to examine his owne conscience, wherein he had offended his highnesse: but imboldned with his innocency, hee boldly went with the Herault vnto the Court. Where as soone as hee came, hee was not admitted vnto the presence of the King, but presently sent to prison. This greatly amazed Saladine, chiefly in that the Iaylor had streight charge ouer him, to see that he should be close prisoner. Many passionate thoughts came in his head, till at last he began to fall into consideration of his former follies, and to meditate with himselfe. Leaning his head on his hand, and his elbow on his knee, full of sorrow, griefe, and disquieted passions, he resolued into these tearmes.

Saladines complaint.

VNhappie Saladine whom folly hath led to these misfortunes, and wanton desires wrapt within the Labyrinth of these calamities. Are not the Heauens doomers of mens deeds? And holds not God a ballance in his fist, to reward with fauour, and reuenge with iustice? Oh Saladine the faults of thy youth, as they were fond, so were they foule: and not onely discouering little nurture, but blemishing the excellency of nature. Whelpes of one litter are euer most

louing

louing, and Brothers that are sonnes of one Father, should liue in friendship without iarre. Oh Saladine, so it should bee: but thou hast with the Dære fedde against the wind, with the Crab stroue against the streame, and sought to preuent nature by vnkindnesse. Rosaders wrongs, the wronges of Rosader (Saladine) cryes for reuenge, his youth pleades to G D D to inflict some pennance vpon thee, his vertues are pleaes that inforce wits of displeasure to crosse thee: Thou hast highly abused thy kind and naturall brother, and the Heauens cannot spare to quit thee of punishment. There is no sting to the worme of cõscience, no hell to a mind touched with gilt. Euery wrong I offered him (called now to remembrance) wringeth a droppe of blood from my heart: euery badde looke, euery frowne pincheth me at the quicke, and sayes, Saladine, thou hast sinned against Rosader. Be penitent, and assigne thy selfe some pennance to discouer thy sorrow, and pacifie his wrath.

In the depth of his passion, hee was sent for to the King: who with a looke that threatned death, entertained him, and demaunded of him where his brother was: Saladine made answere, that vpon some riot made against the Shrifte of the shire, hee was fledde from Bourdeaux, but hee knew not whither. Nay, villaine (quoth hee) I haue heard of the wrongs thou hast proffered thy Brother, since the death of thy Father, and by thy meanes haue I lost a most braue and resolute Cheaualier. Therefore in iustice to punish thee, I spare thy life for thy fathers sake, but banish thee for euer from the Court and Country of France, and see thy departure bee within ten dayes, else trust me thou shalt lose thy head, and with that the King flew away in a rage, and left poore Saladine greatly perplexed. Who grieuing at his exile, yet determined to beare it with patience, and pennance of his former follies, to trauaile abroade in euery Coast, til he had found out his brother Rosader. With whom now I doe begin.

Rosader beeing thus preferred to the place of a Forrester by Gerismond, rooted out the remembrance of his brothers vnkindnesse by continuall exercise, trauersing the groaues and wild forrests: partly to heare the melodie of the sweet birds which recorded, and partly to shew his diligent endeauour in his Maisters behalfe. Yet whatsoeuer hee did, or howsoeuer he walked, the liuely image of Rosalind remained in memorie: on her sweet perfections hee fed his thoughts, proouing himselfe like the eagle, a true borne bird, since that the one is

knowne by beholding the sunne, so was hee by regarding excellent beautie. One day among the rest finding a fit opportunitie and place conuenient, desirous to discouer his woes in the woods, hee ingraued with his knife in the barke of a Byrhe tree, this prettie estimate of his mistris perfection.

Sonetto.

Of all chaste birds the Phœnix doth excell,
Of all strong beasts the Lion beares the bell:
Of all sweet flowers the Rose doth sweetest smell,
Of all faire maides my *Rosalind* is fairest.

Of all pure metals Gold is onely purest,
Of all high trees the Pine hath highest crest,
Of all soft sweets I like my Mistris best,
Of all chaste thoughts my mistris thoughts are rarest.

Of all proud birds, the Eagle pleaseth *Ioue*,
Of prettie fowles, kind *Venus* likes the Doue:
Of trees *Minerua* doth the Oliue loue,
Of all sweete Nymphs I honour *Rosalind*.

Of all her gifts her wisdome pleaseth most,
Of all her graces vertue she doth boast:
For all the gifts my life and ioy is lost,
If *Rosalind* prooue cruell and vnkind.

In these and such like passions Rosader did euery day eternize the name of his Rosalind, and this day especially when Aliena and Ganimede (inforced by the heate of the Sunne to seeke for shelter) by good fortune arriued in that place, where this amorous forrester registred his melancholie passions: they saw the sodaine change of his lookes, his folded armes, his passionate sighs; they heard him often abruptly call on Rosalind, who (poore soule) was as hotly burned as himselfe, but that shee shrouded her paines in the cinders of honorable modestie. Whereupon gessing him to be in loue, and according to the nature of their sexe, being pittifull in that behalfe, they sodainly breake off his melancholy by their approach, and Ganimede spake him out of his dumps, thus.

What newes Forrester? hast thou wounded some Deere, and lost

him

him in the fal? Care not manfor so small a losse, thy fées was but the skin, the shoulder, and the hornes: tis hunters luck to aime faire and misse: and a woodmans fortune to strike, & yet go without the game.

Thou art beyond the marke Ganimede, (quoth Aliena) his passions are greater, and his sighs discouer more losse: perhaps in trauersing these thickets, hée hath séene some beautifull Nymph, and is growne amorous. It may be so (quoth Ganimede) for héere he hath newly engrauen some Sonnet: come and sée the discourse of the Forresters poems. Reading the sonnet ouer, and hearing him name Rosalind, Aliena lookt on Ganimede, and laught, and Ganimede looking backe on the Forrester, and seeing it was Rosader, blusht: yet thinking to shroude all vnder his Pages apparell, shée boldly returned to Rosader, and began thus.

I pray thee tell mee, Forrester, what is this Rosalind, for whom thou pinest away in such passions? Is shée some Nymph that waits vpon Dianas traine, whose chastitie thou hast dyscyphered in such Epithites? Or is she some Shephardesse that haunts these plaines, whose beauty hath so bewitched thy fansie, whose name thou shadowest in Court vnder the figure of Rosalind, as Ouid did Iulia, vnder the name of Corrinna? Or say me forsooth, is it that Rosalind, of whom we sheapheards haue heard talk, she (Forrester) that is the Daughter of Gerismond, that once was King, and now an Outlaw in this Forrest of Arden? At this Rosader fetcht a déepe sigh, and said it is she, O gentle swaine, it is shée, that Saint it is whom I serue, that Goddesse, at whose shrine I doe bend all my deuotions, the most fairest of all faires, the Phenix of all that sexe, and the puritie of all earthly perfection. And why (gentle Forrester) if she be so beautifull, and thou so amorous, is there such a disagréement in thy thoughts? Happily shee resembleth the Rose, that is swéet, but full of prickles: or the Serpent Regius that hath scales as glorious as the Sunne, and a breath as infectious as the Aconitum is deadly: So thy Rosalind may be most amiable, and yet vnkind, full of fauour, and yet froward: coy without wit, and disdainfull without reason.

O sheapheard (quoth Rosader) knewest thou her personage graced with the excellence of all perfection, beeing a harbor wherein the Graces shrowd their vertues, thou wouldst not breath out such blasphemie against the beauteous Rosalind. See is a diamond, bright,

but not heard, yet of most chast operation: a pearle so orient, that it can be stained with no blemish: a rose without prickles and a Princesse absolute, as well in beauty as in vertue. But I vnhappy I, haue let mine eye soare with the Eagle against so bright a Sunne, that I am quite blind: I haue with Apollo enamoured my selfe of a Daphne, not (as shée) disdainfull, but farre more chast then Daphne: I haue with Ixion layd my loue on Iuno, and shall (I feare) embrace nought but a cloude. Ah Shephard, I haue reacht at a starre, my desires haue mounted aboue my degrée, and my thoughts aboue my fortunes: I being a peasant, haue ventured to gaze on a Princesse, whose honours are too high to vouchsafe such base loues.

Why Forrester (quoth Ganimede) comfort thy selfe, be blith and frolicke man. Loue sowseth as lowe as she soareth high, and Cupid shoots at a rag assoone as at a robe, and Venus eye that was so curious, sparkled fauour on pole-footed Vulcan. Feare not man, womens lookes are not tied to dignities feather, nor make they curious estéeme where the stone is found, but what is the vertue. Feare not Forrester, faint heart neuer wonne faire Ladie. But where liues Rosalind now, at the Court?

Oh no, quoth Rosader, shée liues I know not where, and that is my sorrow, banished by Torismond, and that is my hell: for might I but finde her sacred personage, and plead before the barre of her pitie, the plaint of my passions, hope tells me shée would grace mée with some fauour: and that would suffice, as recompence of all my former miseries. Much haue I heard of thy Mistris excellence, and I know Forrester, thou canst describe her at the full, as one that hast surueyed all her parts with a curious eye, then doe that fauour to tell me what her perfections be. That I will, quoth Rosader, for I glory to make all eares wonder at my Mistris excellence. And with that he puld a paper forth of his bosome, wherein he read this.

Rosalinds description.

Like to the cleare in highest sphere,
Where all imperiall glory shines,
Of selfe same coluures is hes haire,
Whether vnfolded or in twines:
Heigh ho, faire *Rosalind*.
Her eyes are Saphires set in snow.

Resembling

Reſembling heauen by euery winke:
The Gods doe feare when as they glow,
And I doe tremble when I thinke,
Heigh ho, would ſhe were mine.

Her cheekes are like the bluſhing cloude,
That beautifies *Auroraes* face,
Or like the ſiluer crimſon ſhroude,
That *Phœbus* ſmiling lookes doth grace
Heigh ho, faire *Roſalind.*
Her eyes are like to budded Roſes,
Whom rankes of Lillies neighbour nigh,
Within which bounds ſhe Balme incloſes,
Apt to entice a Deitie:
Heigh ho, would ſhe were mine.

Her necke is like a ſtately Tower,
Where loue himſelfe impriſoned lies,
To watch for glances euery houre,
From her diuine and ſacred eies,
Heigh ho, for *Roſalind,*
Her paps are centers of delight,
Her breaſts are robes of heauenly frame,
Where Nature moulds the deaw of light,
To feede perfection with the ſame,
Heigh ho, would ſhe were mine,

With orient Pearle, with Rubie red,
With Marble white with Saphire blew,
Her body euery way is fed,
Yet ſoft in touch, and ſweet in view:
Heigh ho, faire *Roſalind.*
Nature her ſelfe her ſhape admires,
The Gods are wounded in her ſight,
And loue forſakes his heauenly fires,
And at her eyes his brand doth light:
Heigh ho, would ſhe were mine.

Then muſe not Nymphs though I bemone,

The absence of faire *Rosalind*,
Since for a faire there is a fairer none,
Nor for her vertues so diuine,
Heigh ho, faire *Rosalind*,
Heigh ho my heart, would God that she were mine.
Perijt quia deperibat.

Beléeue me (quoth Ganimede) either the Forrester is an exquisite painter, or Rosalind faire aboue wonder: it makes me blush to heare how women should be so excellent, and pages so vnperfect.

Rosader beholding her earnestly, answered thus. Truly gentle Page thou hast cause to complaine thee, wert thou the substance: but resembling the shadow, content thy selfe, for it is excellency enough to be like the excellence of nature. Ye hath answered you Ganimede, (quoth Aliena) it is enough for Pages to waite on beautifull Ladies, and not to be beautifull themselues. Oh Mistris (quoth Ganimede) hold you your peace, for you are partiall: who knowes not but that all women haue desire to tye soueraintie to their peticoats, and ascribe beauty to themselues, where if boyes might put on their garments, perhaps they would proue as comely; if not as comely, as courteous, But tell me Forrester, (and with that she turned to Rosader) vnder whom maintainest thou thy walke? Gentle Swaine, vnder the King of Outlawes, said hée, the vnfortunate Gerismond, who hauing lost his kingdome, crowneth his thoughts with content, accounting it better to gouerne among poore men in peace, then great men in danger: But hast thou not, said shée, (hauing so melancholy opportunities as the forrest affordeth thée) written more Sonnets in commendations of thy Mistris? I haue gentle Swaine, quoth he, but they be not about me, to morrow by dawne of the day, if your flocks feed in these pastures, I will bring them you: wherin you shal reade my passions, while I féele them, iudge my patience when you reade it: till when, I bid farewell. So giuing both Ganimede and Aliena a gentle good night, hée resorted to his lodge, leauing them to their prittle prattle. So Ganimede (said Aliena, the Forrester being gone) you are mightily beloued, men make Ditties in your praise, spend sighs for your sake, make an idoll of your beauty: surely it griues me not a little to sée the poore man so pensiue, and you so pitilesse.

Ah Aliena (quoth shée) be not peremptorie in your iudgement. I heare

heare Rosalind praised as I am Ganimede, but were I Rosalind I could answere the Forrester, if hée mourne for loue, there are medicines for loue: Rosalind cannot bée faire and vnkind. And so Madame you sée it is time to folde our flockes, or else Coridon will frowne & say you will neuer proue good huswife. With that they put their shéepe to their coates, and went home to her friend Coridons cottage. Aliena as merry as might be, that she was thus in the company of her Rosalind: but shee poore soule, that had loue her lodestarre, and her thoughts set on fire with the flame of fancie, could take no rest, but béeing alone began to consider what passionate penance poore Rosader was enioyned to by Loue and Fortune: that at last she fell into this humor with her selfe.

Rosalind passionate alone.

AH Rosalind, how the fates haue set downe in their Synode to make thée vnhappie: for when fortune hath done her worst, then Loue comes in to begin a new tragedie: she séekes to lodge her sonne in thine eyes, and to kindle her fires in thy bosome. Beware fond girle, he is an vnruly guest to harbor: for entring in by intreats, he will not be thrust out by force, and her fires are fed with such fuell, as no water is able to quench. Séest thou not how Venus seekes to wrap thee in her Labezinth, wherein is pleasure at the entrance, but within, sorrowes, care, and discontent: she is a Syren, stoppe thine eares at her melodie: she is a Basiliske, shut thine eyes, and gaze not at her, least thou perish. Thou art now placed in the countrey content, where are heauenly thoughts, and meane desires: in those Lands where thy flockes feede, Diana hants: be as her Nymphs, chaste, an enemie to loue: for there is no greater honor to a Maid, then to account of Fancie as a mortall foe to their sexe. Daphne that bonnie wench was not turned into a Bay tree, as the Poets feine, but for her chastitie, her fame was immortall, resembling the Laurell that is euer greene, Follow thou her steppes Rosalind and the rather for that thou art an exile, & banished from the Court, whose discresse, as in is appeased with patience, so it would be renued with amorous passions. Haue minde on thy forepassed fortunes, feare the worst, and intangle not thy selfe with present fancies, least louing in haste, thou repent thee at leysure. Ah, but yet Rosalind, it is Rosader that courts thee, one, who as he is beautifull, so he is vertuous

ous, and harboreth in his mind as many good qualities as his face is shadowed with gracious fauours, and therefore Rosalind stoope to loue, least, being either too coy, or too cruell, Venus ware worth, and plague thee with the reward of disdaine.

Rosalind thus passionate, was wakened from her dumps by Aliena, who said it was time to goe to bedde. Coridon swore that it was true, for Charles Waine was risen in the North. Whereupon each taking leaue of other, went to their rest. All but the poore Rosalind, who was so full of passions that shee could not possesse any content. Well, leauing her to her broken slumbers, expect what was performed by them the next morning,

The Sunne was no sooner kept from the bed of Aurora, but Aliena was wakened by Ganimede: who restlesse all night had tossed in her passions: saying, it was then time to go to the field to vnfold their sheepe. Aliena (that spied where the Hare was by the Hounds, and could see day at a little hole) thought to be pleasant with her Ganimede, and therefore replied thus: What wanton? the Sunne is but new vp, and as yet Iris riches lies folded in the bosom of Flora, Phœbus hath not dried vp the pearled dewe, and so long Coridon hath taught me, it is not fit to leade the sheepe abroade, least the dewe being vnwholsome, they get the rot: but now see I this old prouerbe true, hee is in hast whom the diuell driues, and where loue prickes forward, there is no worse death then delay. Ah my good Page, is there fancie in thine eye, and passions in thine heart? What hast thou wrapt loue in thy lookes? and set all thoughts on fire by affection? I tell thee, it is a flame hard to be quencht as that of Ætna. But nature must haue her course, womens eyes haue facultie attractiue of faire seat, and retentiue like the Diamond: they dally in the delight like the obiects, til gazing on the Panthers beautiful skin, repenting experience tell them he hath a deuouring panch. Come on (qd. Ganimede) this sermon of yours is but a subtiltie to lie still a bed, because either you thinke the morning cold, or else I being gone, you would steale a nappe: this shift carries no colour out, and therefore vp and away. And for loue let me alone, Ile whip him away with nettles, and set disdaine as a charme to with stand his forces: and therefore looke you to your selfe, bee not too bold, for Venus can make you bend; nor too coy for Cupid hath a piercing dart, that will make you crie *Peccani*, and that is it (quoth Aliena) that hath raised you so early

this

this morning. And with that she slipt on her petticoat, and start vp, and assoone as she had made her ready, & taken her breakfast, away goe these two with bagge and bottles to the field, in more pleasant content of minde, then euer they were in the Court of Torismond. They came no sooner nigh the fields, but they might see where their discontented Forrester was walking in his melancholy. Assoone as Alinda saw him, shee smiled, and said to Ganimede, wipe your eyes sweeting for yonder is your sweet-heart this morning in deepe prayers (no doubt) to Venus, that she may make you as pittifull as he is passionate. Come on Ganimede, I pray thee lets haue a little sport with him, Content (quoth Ganimede) and with that, to waken him out of his deepe memento, she began thus.

Forrester, good fortune to thy thoughts, and ease to thy passions: what makes you so early abroad this morne, in contemplation (no doubt) of your Rosalind? Take heede Forrester, step not too farre, the Ford may be deepe, and you slip ouer the shoes: I tell thee, Flies haue their splene, the Ants choler, the least haire shadow, and the smallest loues great desires. Tis good Forrester to loue, but not to ouer-loue, lest in louing her that likes thee not, thou fold thy selfe in an endlesse Labyrynth. Rosader seeing the faire Shepheardesse, and her pretty Swaine in whose company he left the greatest ease of his care, he returned a salute on this manner.

Gentle Shepheards, all haile, and as healthfull be your flocks, as you happy in content. Loue is restlesse, and my body is but the cell of my bane, in that I finde there busie thoughts, and broken slumbers, heere (although euery where passionate) I broke loue with more patience, in that euery obiect feeds mine eye with variety of fancies: when I looke on Floras beauteous Tapistrie: checkered with the pride of all her treasures, I call to minde the faire face of Rosalind, whose heauenly hue exceeds the Rose and Lillie in their highest excellence: the brightnesse of Phebus shine, puts me in mind to think on the sparkling flames that flew from her eyes, and set my heart first on fire. The sweet harmonie of the birds puts mée in remembrance of the rare melodie of her voyce, which like the Siren enchanteth the eares of the hearer. Thus in contemplation I saw my sorrowes, with applying the perfection of euery obiect to the excellence of her qualties.

She is much beholding vnto you (quoth Alinda) and so much, that

I haue oft wisht with my selfe, that if I should euer proue as amorous as Oenone, I might finde as faithfull a Paris as your selfe.

How say you by this Item, Forrester (quoth Ganimede) the faire Shepheardesse fauours you, who is Mistris of so many flockes. Leaue off than the suspition of Rosalinds loue, when as snaching at her, you roue beyond the Moone: and cast your lookes vpon my Mistris, who no doubt is as faire, though not so royall; one bird in the hand, is worth two in the wood: better possesse the loue of Alinda, then catch friuolously at the shaddow of Rosalind.

Ile tell thee boy (quoth Rosader) so is my fansie fixed on my Rosalind, that were thy Mistris as faire as Læda, or Danae, whom Loue courted in transformed shapes, mine eyes would not vouch to entertaine their beauties: and so hath loue lockt me in her perfections, that I had rather onely contemplate in her beauties, then absolutely possesse the excellence of another. Venus is to blame, Forrester, if hauing so true a seruant of you, she rewardeth you not with Rosalind, if Rosalind were more fairer then her selfe.

Leauing this prattle, now Ile put you in minde of your promise, about those Sonnets which you said were at home in your Lodge. I haue them about me (quoth Rosader) let vs sit downe, and then you shall heare what a poeticall furie Loue will infuse into a man: with that they sate downe vpon a greene banke, shadowed with fig-trees, and Rosader fetching a deepe sigh, read them this Sonnet.

Rosaders Sonnet.

In sorrowes Cell I laid me downe to sleepe,
But waking woes were iealous of mine eyes,
They make them watch, and bend themselues to weepe;
But weeping teares their want could not suffice.
Yet sith for her they wept who guides my heart
They weeping smile, and triumph in their smart.

Of these my teares, a fountaine fiercely springs,
Where *Venus* baynes her selfe incenst with loue,
Where *Cupid* bouseth his faire feathered wings,
But I, behold what paine I must approue.
Care drinkes it drie, but when on her I thinke,
Loue makes me weepe it full vnto the brinke.

Meane

Meane while my sighes yeeld truce vnto my teares,
By them the winde increase and fiercely blow:
Yet when I sigh, the flame more plaine appeares,
And by their force, with greater power doth glow,
Amids these paines, all Phenix-like I thriue,
Sith loue that yeelds me death, may life reuiue.

Rosader en esperance.

Now surely Forrester, quoth Alinda, when thou madest this sonnet, thou wert in some amorous quandarie, neither too fearefull, as despairing of thy mistris fauours, nor too gleesome, as hoping in thy fortunes. I can smile quoth Ganimede, at the Sonettoes, Canzones, Madrigals, rounds, and roundelayes, that euery puling patient powres out, when their eyes are more full of wantonnesse, then their hearts of passions. Then, as the fishers put the sweetest baite to the fairest fish, so these Ouidians holding Amo in their tongues, when their thoughts come at haphazard, write that they be wrapt in an endlesse Labrinth of sorrow, when walking in the large seaes of libertie, they onely haue their humours in their inke-pot. If they finde women so fond, that they will with such painted lures come to their lust, then they triumph till they bee full gorged with pleasures: and then flie they away (like ramage Kites) to their owne content, leauing the tame fole their mistris full of fancie, yet without euer a feather. If they misse (as dealing with some wary wanton, that wants not such a one as themselues, but spies their subtiltie) they end their amors with a few fained sighes, and so their excuse is, their Mistris is cruell, and they smother passions with patience. Such (gentle Forrester) wee may deeme you to bee, that rather passe away the time heere in these woods with writing amorets, then to bee deepely enamored (as you say, of your Rosalind. If you bee such a one, then I pray God, when you thinke your fortune at the highest, and your desires to bee most excellent: then that you may with Ixion, embrace Iuno in a cloud, and haue nothing but a marble mistresse to release your Martyrdome: but if you bee true and trustie, eie-paind and heart sicke, then a cursed bee Rosalind if she proue cruell: for Forrester, I flatter not, thou art worthy of as faire as shee. Alinda spying the storme by the winde, smiled to see how Ganimede flew to thy fist without any call: but Rosader, who

toke him that for a shepheardes swaine, made him this answere.

Trust me Swaine (quoth Rosader) but my Canzon was written in so much humor: for mine eyes and my heart are relatiues, the one drawing fancie by sight, the other entertaining her by sorrow. If thou sawest my Rosalind, with what beauties nature hath fauoured her, with what perfection the heauens hath graced her, with what qualities the Gods haue endued her: then wouldest thou say there is none so fickle that could be fleeting vnto her. If shee had beene Æneas Dido, had Venus and Iuno both scolded him from Carthage, yet her excellence (dispight of them) would haue detained him at Tyre. If Phillis had beene as beauteous, or Ariadne as vertuous, or both so honorable and excellent as shee: neither had the philbert-tree sorrowed in the death of dispairing Phillis, nor the stars haue beene graced with Ariadne, but Demophon and Theseus had beene trustie to their Paragons. I will tell thee Swaine, if with a deepe insight thou couldst pierce into the secret of my loues: and see what deepe impressions of her Idea, affection hath made in my heart: then wouldst thou confesse I were passing passionate, and no lesse endued with admirable patience. Why (quoth Alinda) needs there patience in loue? Or else in nothing (quoth Rosader) for it is a restlesse sore, that hath no ease, a cancker that still frets, a disease that taketh away all hope of cure. If then so many sorrowes, suddaine ioyes, momentarie pleasures, continuall feares, daily griefes, and nightly woes bee found in loue; then is not he to bee accounted patient, that smothers all his passions with silence? Thou speakest by experience (quoth Ganimede) and therefore we hold all thy words for Axiomes: but is loue such a lingring maladie? It is (quoth hee) either extreame or meane, according to the minde of the party that entertaines it: for as the weedes grow longer vntoucht then the prettie flowers, and the flint lyes safe in the quarrie, when the Emerald is suffering the Lapidares toole: So meane men are freed from Venus iniuries, when Kings are inuironed with a labyrinth of cares. The whiter the Lawne is, the deeper is the meale; the more purer the Chrisolite, the sooner stained: and such as haue their hearts full of honor, haue their loues full of the greatest sorrow. But in whomsoeuer (quoth Rosader) he fixeth his dart, hee neuer leaueth to assault him, till either hee hath won him to follie or fancie: for as the moone neuer goes without the starre,

Luna sequa-

Liniſequa, ſo a Louer neuer goeth without the vnreſt of his thoughts. For proofe you ſhall heare another fancie of my making. Now doe gentle forreſter (quoth Ganimede) and with that he read his Sonetto.

Roſaders ſecond Sonetto.

Turne I my lookes vnto the skies,
Loue with his arrowes wounds mine eies:
If ſo I looke vpon the ground,
Loue then in euery flower is found:
Search I the ſhade to flie my paine,
He meets me in the ſhades againe:
Went I to walke in ſecret groue
Euen there I meete with ſacred Loue?
If ſo I bathe me in the ſpring,
Euen on the brinke I heare him ſing:
If ſo I meditate alone,
He will be partner of my mone:
If ſo I mourne, he weepes with me,
And where I am, there will he be.
When as I talke of *Roſaline*.
The God from coyneſſe waxeth kind:
And ſeemes in ſelfe ſame flame to frie,
Becauſe he loues as well as I:
Sweete *Roſalind* for pittie rue,
For why, than Loue I am more true:
He if he ſpeede will quickly flie,
But in thy loue I liue and die.

How like you this Sonnet, quoth Roſader? Mary quoth Ganimede, for the pen, well, for the Paſſion ill: for as I praiſe the one, I pittie the other, in that thou ſhouldeſt hunt after a Cloude, and loue either without reward, or regard. Tis not frowardneſſe (quoth Roſader) but my heard fortunes, whoſe deſtinies haue croſt me with her abſence: for did ſhe feele my loues, ſhe would not let me linger in theſe ſorrowes. Women as they be faire, ſo they reſpect faith, and eſtimate more (if they be honorable) the wil then the wealth, hauing loyaltie that obiect whereat they aime their fancies. But leauing off theſe enterparleys, you ſhall heare my laſt Sonetto, and then you

haue heard all my Poetrie, and with that he sighed out this.

Rosaders third Sonnet.

Of vertuous loue my selfe may boast alone,
Sith no suspect my seruice may attaint:
For perfect faire is she, the onely one,
Whom I esteeme for my beloued Saint.
Thus for my faith I onely beare the bell,
And for her faire she onely doth excell.

Then let fond *Petrarch* shroud his *Lauraes* prayse,
And *Tasso* cease to publish his affect:
Sith mine the faith confirmed at al assaies,
And hers the faire, which all men doe respect,
My lines her faire, her faire my faith assures.
Thus I by Loue, and loue by me endures.

Thus, quoth Rosader, heere is an end of my Poems, but for all this, no release of my passions: so that I resemble him, that in the depth of his distresse, hath none but the eccho to answere him. Ganimede pitting her Rosader, thinking to driue him out of his amorous melancholy, said, that now the Sunne was in the meridionall heate, and that it was high noone, and therefore we Shepheards say, tis time to goe to dinner, for the Sunne and our stomacks are shepheards Dials. Therefore Forrester, if thou wilt take such fare as comes out of our homely scrips, welcome shall answere whatsoeuer thou wantest in delicates. Alinda tooke the entertainment by the ende, and told Rosader hee should bee her guest. Hee thankt them heartily, and sat with them downe to dinner, where they had such cates as countrey state would allow them, sawced with such content, and such sweete prattle, as it seemed farre more sweete then all their Courtly iunkets.

Assone as they had taken their repast, Rosader giuing them thankes for his good cheere, would haue beene gone: but Ganimede, that was loth to let him passe out of her presence, began thus: May Forrester, quoth hee, if thy busines be not the greater, seeing thou sayst thou art so deeply in loue, let me see how thou canst woo, I will represent Rosalind, and thou shalt be as thou art, Rosader. See

in

in some amorous Eglogue how if Rosalind were present, how thou couldst court her, and while wee sing of loue, Alinda shall tune her pipe and play vs melodie. Content, quoth Rosader. And Alinda, thée to shew her willingnesse, drew forth a Recorder, and began to wind it. Then the louing Forrester began thus.

¶ The wooing Eglogue betweene *Resalind* and *Rosader*.

Rosader.

I pray thee Nymph, by all the working words,
By all the teares and sighs that Louers know,
Or what our thoughts or foltering tongue affords,
I craue for mine in ripping vp my woe,
Sweet *Rosalind* my loue (would God my loue)
My life, (would God my life) ay pittie mee,
Thy lips are kind and humble like a Doue,
And, but with beautie pittie will not bee,
Looke on mine eyes made red with ruthfull teares,
From whence the raine of true remorse descendeth:
All pale in lookes, and I, though young in yeares,
And nought but loue or death my daies befrendeth.
O let no stormie rigour knit thy browes,
Which Loue appointed for his mercie seate,
The tallest tree by *Boreas* breath it bowes,
The Iron yeelds with hammer and with heate.
Oh *Rosalind*, then thou pitifull,
For *Rosalind* is onely beautifull

Rosalind.

Loue wantons arme their traitrous suits with teares,
With vowes and oathes, with lookes, with showers of gold,
But when the fruits of their affects appeares,
The simple heart by subtile slights is sold.
Thus suckes the yeelding eare the poisned baite,
Thus feeds the heart vpon his endlesse harmes,
Thus glut the thoughts themselues on selfe deceit,
Thus blind the eyes their sight by subtile charmes.

The

The louely lookes, the ſighs that ſtorme ſo ſore.
The deaw of deepe diſſembling doubleneſſe:
Theſe may attempt, but are of power no more,
Where beauty leanes to wit and ſtoothfaſtneſſe.
Oh *Roſader*, then be thou witifull.
For *Roſalind* ſcornes fooliſh pittiful.

Roſader

I pray thee *Roſalind* by thoſe ſweet eyes.
That ſtaine the Sun in ſhine, the Moone in cleare,
By thoſe ſweet cheekes where loue encamped lies.
To kiſſe the Roſes of the ſpringing yeere,
I tempt thee *Roſalind* by truthfull plaints:
Not ſeaſoned with deceit of fraudfull guile,
But firme in paine, farre more then tongue depaints:
Sweet Nymph be kind, and grace me with a ſmile.
So may the heauens preſerue from hurtfull food
Thy harmeleſſe flockes, ſo may the ſummer yeeld,
The pride of all her riches and her good.
To fat thy ſheepe (the Citizens of field)
Oh leaue to arme thy louely browes with ſcornes,
The birds their beake, the Lion hath his taile:
And louers nought but ſighs and bitter mourne,
The ſpotleſſe fort of fanſie to aſſaile.
Oh *Roſalind*. then be thou pitifull,
For *Roſalind* is onely beautifull.

Roſalind.

The hardned ſteele by fire is brought in frame,
Roſader. And *Roſalind* my loue, not any wooll more ſofter,
And ſhall not ſighs her tender heart inflame?
Roſalind. When loue is true, maids would beleeue them ofter.
Roſader. Truth and regard, and honour guide my loue.
Roſalind. Faine would I truſt, but yet I dare not trie.
Roſader. Oh pitie me ſweet Nymph, and doe but proue.
Roſalind. I will reſiſt, but yet I know not why,
Roſader. Oh *Roſalind* be kind, for times will change,
Thy lookes aye nill be faire as now they be:
Thine age from beautie may thy lookes eſtrange,
Ah yeeld in time, ſweet Nymph, and pitie me,

Rosalind. Oh *Rosalind*, thou must be pittifull,
For *Rosader* is young and beautifull.
Rosader. O gaine, more great then kingdomes or a crowne!
Rosalind. O trust, betraide of *Rosader* abuse me!
Rosader. First let the heauens conspire to pull me downe,
And heauens and earth as abiects quite refuse me:
Let sorrowes streame about my hatefull bowre:
And wretchlesse horror hatch within my brest:
Let beauteous eyes afflict me with a lowre:
Let deepe despaire pursue me without rest,
Ere *Rosalind* my loyaltie disproue,
Ere *Rosalind* accuse me for vnkind.
Rosalind. Then *Rosalind* will grace thee with her loue,
Then *Rosalind* will haue thee still in minde.
Rosader Then let me triumph more than *Tithans* deare,
Sith *Rosalind* will *Rosader* respect,
Then let my face exile his sorry cheare,
And frolicke in the comfort of affect,
And say, that *Rosalind* is onely pittifull,
Sith *Rosalind* is onely beautifull.

When thus they had finished their courting Eglogue in such familiar clause, Ganimede as Augure of some good fortunes light vpon their effections, began to be thus pleasant. How now forrester, haue I not fitted your turne? Haue I not plaid the woman handsomly, and shewed my selfe as coy in garments, as curteous in distresse, and bèn as full of suspition, as men of flatterie? And yet to salue al, lumpe I not all vp with the swéete vnion of loue? Did not Rosalind content her Rosader? The Forrester at this smiling, shooke his head, and folding his armes, made this merry reply.

Truth (gentle swaine) Rosader hath his Rosalind, but as Ixion had Iuno, who thinking to possesse a Goddesse, onely embraced a cloude: in these imaginarie fruitions of fancie, I resemble the byrds that fed themselues with Zexues painted grapes, but they grew so leane with pecking at shadowes, that they were glad with Æsopes Cocke to scrape for a barley kernell: so fareth it with me, who to feede my selfe with the hope of my Mistris fauours, soothe my

selfe in thy sutes, and onely in conceit reape a wished for content: but if my foode be no better than such amorous dreames, Venus at the yæres end, shall finde mæ but a leane Louer. Yet doe I take these follies for high fortunes, and hope these fained affections, doe diuine some vnfained end of ensuing fancies. And thereupon, quoth Aliena, Ile play the Priest: from this day forth Ganimede shall call thæ husband, and thou shalt call Ganimede wife, and so wæle haue a marriage. Content, quoth Rosader, and laught. Content quoth Ganimede, and changed as red as a Rose: and so with a smile and bluth, they made vp this iesting match, that after proued to a marriage in earnest: Rosader full little knowing he had wooed and won his Rosalind.

But all was well, hope is a swæt string to harpe on, and therefore let the Forrester a while shape himselfe to his shadow, and tarry fortunes ley ure, till thæ may make a metamorphosis fit for his purpose. I disgresse, and therefore to Aliena, who said, the wedding was not worth a pennie, vnlesse there were some chære, nor that bargaine well made, that was not striken vp with a cup of wine: and therefore she wilht Ganimede to set out such cates as they had, and to drawe out her bottle, charging the Forrester as he had imagined his loues, so to conceit these cates to be a most sumptuous banket, and to take a mazer of wine, and to drinke to his Rosaland, which Rosader did, and so they passed away the day in many pleasant deuises: till at last Aliena perceiued time would tarry no man, and that the sunne wared very lowe, ready to set: which made her shorten their amorous prattle, and end the banquet with a fresh carowse: which done, they all thræ arose, and Alinda brake off thus,

Now Forrester, Phœbus that all this while hath bæn partaker of our sports, seeing euery woodman more fortunate in his loues, than hæ in his fancies, seeing thou hast woone Rosalind, when hee could not wose Daphne, hides his head for shame, and bids vs adieu in a cloude. Our shæpe, the poze wantons wander towards their folds, as taught by nature their due time of rest, which tels vs Forrester, we must depart. Marrie though there were a marriage, yet I must carry this night the bride with mæ, and to morrow morning if you mæte vs hære, Ile promise to deliuer you her as good a maid as I finde her. Content, quoth Rosalind, tis enough for mæ in the night to dreame on loue, that in the day am so fond to dote on loue:

and

and so till to morrow, you to your folds, and I will to my Lodge: and thus the Forrester and they parted. He was no sooner gone, but Aliena and Ganimede went and followed their flockes, and taking vp their hookes, their bags, and their bottles, hied homeward. By the way, Aliena (to make the time seeme short) began to prattle with Ganimede thus: I haue heard them say, that what the Fates foresee point, that Fortune pricketh downe with a period, that the starres are ticklers in Venus Court, and desire hangs at the heele of Destinie: if it be so, then by all probable coniectures, this match will bee a marriage: for, if Augurisme be authenticall, or the Diuines dommes principles, it cannot be but such a shadow portends the issue of a substance, for to that end did the Gods force the conceit of this Eglogue, that they might discouer the ensuing consent of your affections: so that ere it be long, I hope (in earnest) to dance at your wedding. Tush (quoth Ganimede) all is not mault that is cast on the kill, there goes more words to a bargaine than one, loue feeles no footing in the aire, and fancie holds it slipperie harbour to nestle in the tongue: the match is not yet so surely made, but hee may misse his marke: but if Fortune be his friend, I will not be his foe: and so I pray you (gentle Mistris Aliena) take it. I take all things well (quoth shee) that is your content, and am glad Rosader is yours, for now I hope your thoughts will be at quiet: your eye that euer looketh at loue, will not lend a glance on your Lambes, and then they will proue more burome, and you more blithe, for the eyes of the Maker feedes the Cattell. As thus they were in chat, they spied old Coridon, where hee came plodding to meet them: who told them supper was ready, which newes made them speede them home. Where we will leaue them till the next morrow, and returne to Saladine.

All this while did poore Saladine (banished from Bourdeaux and the Court of France by Torismond) wander vp and downe in the Forrest of Arden, thinking to get to Lions, and so to trauell through Germanie into Italy: but the Forrest being full of by-paths, and hee vnskilfull of the Country coast, slipt out of the way, and chanced vp into the Desart, not farre from the place where Gerismond was, and brother Rosader. Saladine weary with wandring vp and downe, and hungry with long fasting, finding a little Caue by the side of a thicket, eating such fruits as the Forrest did affoord, and con-

tenting himselfe with such drinke as Nature had prouided, and thirst made delicate, after his repast, fell into a dead sleepe. As hee thus lay, a hungry Lion came hunting downe the edge of the groue for prey, and espying Saladine, beganne to seize vpon him: but seeing hee lay still without any motion, hee left to touch him, for that Lions hate to prey on dead carkasses, and yet desirous to haue some foode, the Lion lay downe and watcht to see if hee would stirre. While thus Saladine slept secure, fortune that was carefull of her Champion, beganne to smile, and brought it so to passe, that Rosader (hauing stricken a Déere, and but lightly hurt, fled through the thicket) came packing downe by the groue with a Boare-speare in his hand in great haste, hee espied where a man lay a sleepe, and a Lion fast by him: amazed at this sight as hee stood gazing, his nose on a sodaine bled; which made him coniecture it was some friend of his. Wherupon drawing more nie, he might easily discerne his visage, and perceiuing by his phisnomie that it was his brother Saladine, which draue Rosader into a déepe passion, as a man perplexed at the sight of so vnexpected a chance, maruelling what should driue his brother to trauerse those secret desarts without any company, in such a distressed and forlorne sort. But the present time craning no such doubting ambages, for hée must either resolue to hazard his life in his releese, or else steale away, and leaue him to the crueltie of the Lion. In which doubt he thus briefely debated with himselfe.

Rosaders meditation.

NOw Rosader, Fortune that long had whipt thée with Nettles, meanes to salue thée with Roses, and hauing crost thee with many frownes, now thee presents thee with the brightnesse of her fauours. Thou that didst count thy selfe the most distressed of all men, mayest account thy selfe the most fortunate amongst men, if fortune can make men happie, or sweet reuenge be wrapt in a pleasing content. Thou séest Saladine, thine enemie, the worker of thy misfortunes, and the efficient cause of thine exile, subiect to the crueltie of a mercilesse Lion, brought into this miserie by the Gods, that they might séem iust in reuenging his rigor, and thine iniuries. Séest thou not how the starres are in a fauourable aspect, the Planets in some pleasing coniunction, the Fates agreeable to thy thoughts, and the Destinies performers of thy desires, in that Saladine

ladine shall die, and thou be free of his bloud: he receiues mised for his amisse, and thou erect this Tombe with innocent hands. Now Rosader shalt thou returne vnto Bourdeaux, and inioy thy possessions by birth, and his reuenues by inheritance: now maist thou triumph with loue, and hang fortunes Altars with garlands: For when Rosalind heares of thy wealth, it will make her loue thée the more willingly, for womens eyes are made of Chrisecol, that is euer vnperfect, vnlesse tempered with gold: and Iupiter soonest enioyed Danae, because he came to her in so rich a showre. Thus shall this Lion (Rosader) end the life of a miserable man, and from distresse raise thee to bée most fortunate. And with that, casting his Boare-speare vpon his necke, away beganne to trudge. But hee had not stept backe two or thrée paces but a new motion stroke him to the very heart, that resting his Boare-speare against his breast, he fell into this passionate humour.

Ah Rosader, wert thou the sonne of Iohn of Bourdeaux, whose vertues exceeded his valour, and the most hardiest Knight in all Europe? Should the honour of the father shine in the actions of the sonne, and wilt thou dishonour thy parentage in forgetting that nature of a Gentleman? Did not thy father at his last gaspe, breathe out this golden principle? Brothers amitie is like the droppes of Balsamum, that saueth the most dangerous sores: Did hee make a large exhort vnto concord, and wilt thou shew thy selfe careless? Oh Rosader, what though Saladine hath wronged thée, and made thee liue an exile in the forrest, shall thy nature bee so cruell, or thy nurture so crooked, or thy thoughts so sauage, as to suffer so dismall a reuenge? what, to let him be deuoured with wilde beests? *Non sapit, qui non sibi sapit*, is fondly spoken in such bitter extreames. Lose not his life Rosader, to winne a world of treasure: for in hauing him, thou hast a brother, and by hazarding for his life, thou getteſt a friende, and reconcileſt an enemie: and more honour shalt thou purchase by pleasing a foe, than renenging a thousand iniuries.

With that his brother began to stirre, and the Lion to rouze himselfe: whereupon Rosader sudainely charged him with the Boare-speare, and wounded the Lion very sore at the first stroke. The beast feeling himselfe to haue a mortall hurt, leapt at Rosader, and with his pawes gaue him a sore pinch on the breast, that hee had al-

most faine, yet as a man most valiant, in whom the sparkes of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux remained, hee recouered himselfe, and in short combate slue the Lion, who at his death roared so loude, that Saladine awaked: and starting vp, was amazed at the sodaine sight of so monstrous a beast lying slaine by him, and so sweete a Gentleman wounded. Hee presently (as he was of a ripe conceit) began to coniecture that the Gentleman had slaine him in his defence. Whereupon (as a man in a trance) hee stood staring on them both a good while, not knowing his brother being in that disguise: at last hee burst into these tearmes. Sir whatsoeuer you be, (as full of honour thou must needs be, by the view of thy present valour.) I perceiue thou hast redressed my fortunes by thy courage, and saued my life with thine owne losse: which tyes mee to be thine in all humble seruice. Thanks thou shalt haue as thy due, and more thou canst not haue, for my abilities denies mee to performe a deeper debt. But if any wayes it please thee to command me, vse me as farre as the power of a poore Gentleman will stretch.

Rosader seeing hee was vnknowne to his brother, wondred to heare such curteous words come from his crabbed nature, but glad of such reformed nature, hee made this answere. I am sir (whatsoeuer thou art) a Forrester, and a raunger of these walkes, who following my Deere to the fall, was conducted hither by some assenting Fate, that I might saue thee, and disparage my selfe. For comming into this place, I saw thee asleepe, and the Lion watching thy awake, that at thy rising hee might prey vpon thy carkasse. At the first sight I coniectured thee a Gentleman (for all mens thoughts ought to be fauourable in imagination) and I counted it the part of a resolute man to purchase a strangers reliefe, though with the losse of mine owne bloud, which I haue performed (thou seest) in mine owne preiudice. If therefore thou bee a man of such worth as I value thee, by the exteriour lineaments: make discouery vnto me what is the cause of thy present misfortunes: for by the furrowes in thy face thou seemest to be crost with her frownes: but whatsoeuer, or howsoeuer, let mee craue that fauour, to heare the tragicke cause of thy estate. Saladine sitting downe, and fetching a deepe sigh, began thus.

Saladines discourse to *Rosader* vnknowne.

Although

ALthough the discourse of my fortunes be the renuing of my sorrowes, and the rubbing of the scarre, will open a fresh wound yet I may not proue vngrateful to so curteous a Gentleman, I will rather sit downe and sigh out mine estate, than giue any offence by smothering my griefe with silence. Know therfore (Sir) that I am of Bourdeaux, and the sonne and heire of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, a man, for his vertues, and valour, so famous, that I cannot thinke but the fame of his honors hath reacht further than the knowledge of his personage. The infortunate sonne of so fortunate a Knight am I, my name Saladine, who succeeding my Father in possessions, but not in qualities, hauing two brethren committed by my father at his death, to my charge, with such golden principles of brotherlie concord, as might haue pierst like the Syrens melodie into my humane eare.

But I with Vlisses became deafe against his philosophicall harmonie, and made more value of profit, than of vertue, esteeming gold sufficient honour, and wealth the fittest title for a gentlemans dignitie: I set my middle Brother to the Vniuersitie to bee a Scholler, counting it enough if he might pore on a Booke, while I fede on his reuenues: and for the younger, which was my Fathers ioy, young Rosader. And with that, naming of Rosader, Saladine sate him downe and wept. Nay, forward man (quoth the Forrester) teares are the vnfittest salue that men can apply to cure sorrowes, and therefore cease from such feminine follies, as should drop out of a womans eye to deceiue, not out of a Gentlemans lookes to discouer his thoughts, and forward with thy discourse.

Oh sir, quoth Saladine, this Rosader that wrings teares from mine eye, and blood from my heart, was like my Father in exterior personage, and in inward qualities, for in the prime of his yeares hee aymed all his acts at honor, and coueted rather to die, than to brooke any iniurie vnworthy of a gentlemans credite. I, whom enuy had made blind, & couetousnes masked with the veile of selfeloue, seeing the Palme tree grow straight, thought to suppresse it being a twig, but nature will haue her course, the Cedar will be tall, the Diamond bright, the Carbuncle glittering, and vertue will shine though it bee neuer so much obscure. For I kept Rosader as a slaue, and vsed him as one of my seruile hindes, vntill age grew on, and a secret insight of my abuse entred into his minde: insomuch that hee could

not

not brooke it, but coueted to haue what his father left him, and to liue of himselfe. To be short Sir, I repined at his fortunes, and he countercheckt me not with abilitie, but valour; vntill at last by friendes, and ayde of such as followed gold more than right or vertue, I banisht him from Bourdeaux, and he (poore Gentleman) liues (no man knowes where) in some distresse content, The Gods not able to suffer such impietie vnreuenged, so wrought, that the King pickt a caulelesse quarrell against mee, in hope to haue my Lands, and so hath exiled me out of France for euer.

Thus, thus Sir, am I the most miserable of all men, as hauing a blemish in my thoughts for the wrongs I proffered Rosader, and a touch in my estate to bee thrown from my proper possessions by iniustice. Passionate thus with many griefes, in penance of my former follies. I goe thus pilgrime-like to seeke my brother, that I may reconcile my selfe to him in all submission, & afterward send to the holy Land, to end my yeeres in as many vertues, as I haue spent my youth in wicked vanities.

Rosader hearing the resolution of his brother Saladine began to compassionate his sorrowes, and not able to smother the sparks of nature with fained secrecie, he burst into these louing speeches. Then know Saladine (quoth hee) that thou hast met with *Rosader*, who grieues as much to see thy distresse, as thy selfe to feele the burthen of thy miserie.

Saladine casting vp his eye, and noting well the phisnomie of the Forrester, knew that it was his Brother Rosader, which made him so bash and blush at the first meeting, that Rosader was faine to recomfort him. Which hee did in such sort, that he shewed how highly he held reuenge in scorne. Much adoe there was betweene these two Brethren, Saladine in craning pardon, and Rosader in forgiuing and forgetting al former iniuries: the one humble and submisse, the other milde and curteous: Saladine penitent and passionate, Rosader kind and louing, that at length Nature worketh an vnion of their thoughts, they earnestly embraced, and fell from matters of vnkindnesse, to talke of their country life, which Rosader so highly commended, that his Brother beganne to haue a desire to taste of that homely content. In this humour Rosader conducted him to Gerismouds lodge, and presented his Brother to the King, discoursing the whole matter how all had hapned betwixt them. The King

looking vpon Saladine, found him a man of a most beautifull personage, and saw in his face sufficient sparkes of insuing honours, gaue him great entertainement, and glad of their friendly reconcilement, promising such fauour as the pouerty of his estate might affoord, which Saladine gratefully accepted. And so Gerismond fell to question of Torismonds life. Whereupon Saladine briefly discourst vnto him his iniustice and tyrannies: with such modestie (although hee had wronged him) that Gerismond greatly praised the sparing speech of the young Gentleman.

Many questions passed: but at last, Gerismond beganne with a deepe sigh, to enquire if there were any newes of the welfare of Alinda, or his daughter Rosalind. None Sir, quoth Saladine, for since their departure they were neuer heard of. Iniurious fortune, said the King, that to double the fathers miserie, wrongest the daughter with misfortunes. And with that (surcharged with sorrowes) hee went into his Cell, and left Saladine and Rosader, whom Rosader straight conducted to the sight of Adam Spencer Who seeing Saladine in that estate, was in a browne studie: but when he heard the whole matter, although he grieued for the exile of his Maister, yet he ioyed that banishment had so reformed him, that from a lasciuious youth he was proued a vertuous Gentleman.

Looking a long while, and seeing what familiarity passed betwixt them, and what fauours were interchanged with brotherly affection, said thus: yea marry, thus it should bee, this was the concord that old Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux wished betwixt you. Now fulfill you those precepts he breathed out at his death, and in obseruing them looke to liue fortunate and die honourable.

Well said Adam Spencer, quoth Rosader, but haste any victuall in store for vs? A piece of red Deere, quoth he, and a bottle of Wine. This Forresters fare brother, quoth Rosader, and so they sate them downe, and fell to their cates. Assoone as they had taken their repast and well dined, Rosader tooke his brother Saladine by the hand, and shewed him the pleasures of the Forrest, and what content they enioyed in that meane estate. Thus for two or three dayes hee walked vp and downe with his brother, to shew him all all the commodities that belonged to his walke. During which time, hee was greatly missed of his Ganimede, who mused much (with Aliena) what should become of their Forrester. Some while they thought he had taken

some word vnkindly, and had taken the pet: then they imagined some new loue had withdrawne his fancie, or happily he was sicke, or detained by some great businesse of Gerismonds, or that hée had made a reconcilement to his brother, and so returned to Bourdeaux.

These coniectures did they cast in their heades, but especially Ganimede: who hauing loue in heart proued restlesse, and halfe without patience, that Rosader wronged her with long absence: for loue measures euery minute, and thinkes houres to be dayes, and dayes to be moneths, till they fede their eyes with the sight of their desired obiect. Thus perplexed liued poore Ganimede, while on a day sitting with Aliena in a great dump, shé cast vp her eye, and saw where Rosader came pacing towards them with his forrest Bill on his necke. At which sight her colour changed, and shé said to Aliena, sée Mistris where your iolly Forrester comes. And you are not a little glad (quoth Aliena) your nose bewrayes what pottage you loue, the wind cannot be tyed within a quarter, the sunne shadowed within a dale, oyle hidden in water, nor loue kept out of a womans lookes: but no more of that, *Lupus est in fabula.* As soone as Rosader was come within the reach of her tongues end, Aliena began thus. Why how now gentle Forrester, what minde hath kept you from hence, that hauing so newly married, you haue no more care of your Rosalind, but to absent your selfe so many dayes? Are these the passions you painted out in your Sonnets and Roundelayes? I sée well, hot loue is soone cold, & that the fancie of men is like a loose feather that wandereth in the aire with the blast of euery winde. You are deceiued Mistris, quoth Rosader, twas a coppie of vnkindnesse that kept mee hence, in that I being married you carried away the Bride: but if I haue giuen any occasion of offence, by absenting my selfe three dayes, I humbly sue for pardon, which you must grant of course, in that the fault is so friendly confest with penance. But to tel you the truth, faire Mistris, and my good Rosalind, my eldest brother, by the iniurie of Torismond, is banished from Bourdeaux, and by chance hée and I met in the Forrest. And héere Rosader discourst vnto them what had happened betwixt them: which reconcilement made them glad, especially Ganimede.

But Aliena hearing the tyrannie of her father, grieued inwardly, & yet smothered all things with such secresie, that the concealing was more sorrow then the conceit, yet that her estate might bee hid still

shée

she made faire weather of it, and so let all passe.

Fortune that saw how these parties valewed not her Deitie, but held her power in scorne, thought to haue about with them, and brought the matter to passe thus. Certaine rascalls that liued by prowling in a forrest, who for feare of the Prouost Martiall, had caues in the groues and thickets, to throwd themselues from his traines: hearing of the beautie of this faire Shepheardesse Aliena, thought to steale her away, and giue her to the King for a present, hoping, because the king was a great leacher, by such a gift, to purchase all their pardons, and therefore came to take her, and her page away. Thus resolued, While Aliena and Ganimede were in sad talke, they came rushing in, and laid violent hands on Aliena and her Page, which made them crie out to Rosader, who hauing the valour of his father stamped in his heart, thought rather to die in defence of his friends, then any way to be touch't with the least blemish of dishonor, and therefore dealt such blowes among them with his weapon, as hee did witnesse well vpon their carkasses, that hee was no coward. But as, *ne Hercules quidem contra duos*, so Rosader could not resist a multitude, hauing none to backe him: so that he was, not only batted, but sore wounded, and Aliena and Ganimede had beene carried away by the rascalls, had not Fortune (that meant to turne her frowne into fauour) brought Saladine that way by chance, who wandring to finde out his brothers walke encountred this crew, and seeing, not onely a Shepheardesse and her boy forced, but his Brother wounded, he heaued vp a forrest bill he had on his necke, and the first hee strooke, had neuer after more neede of the phisition, redoubling his blowes with such courage, that the slaues were amazed at his valour.

Rosader seeing his brother so fortunately arriued, and seeing how valiantly he behaued himselfe, though sore wounded, rushed among them, and laid on such loade, that some of the crew were slaine, and the rest fled, leauing Aliena and Ganimede to the possession of Rosader and Saladine.

Aliena, after shee had breathed a while, and was come to her selfe from this feare, lookt about her, and saw where Ganimede was busie, dressing vp the wounds of the forrester: but shee cast her eye vpon this curteous champion, that had made so hot a rescue, and that with such affection, as she begayne to measure euery part of him

with fauour, and in her selfe, to commend his personage and his vertue, holding him for a resoluteman, that durst assaile such a troope of vnbrideled villians. At last gathering his spirits together, she returned vnto him these thaukes.

Gentle sir, whatsoeuer you be that haue aduentured your flesh, to relieue our fortunes, and to haue as many hidden vertues as you haue manifest resolutions: Wee poore Shepheards haue no wealth but our flockes, and therefore can we not make requitall with any great treasure, but our recompence is thanks, and faith our rewards to our friends without faining. For ransome therefore of this our rescue, you must content your selfe to take such a kinde of gramercy, as a poore shepheardesse and her page may giue you: with promise (in what we may) neuer to proue ingratefull. For this gentleman that is hurt, yong Rosader, he is our good neighbor and familiar acquaintance, wele pay him with smiles, and fede him with loue lookes, and though he be neuer the fatter at the yeares end, yet wele so hamper him, that he shall hold himselfe satisfied.

Saladine hearing this shepheardesse speake so wisely, began more narrowly to pry into her perfection, and to suruay all her liuaments with a curious insight: so long dallying in the flame of her beautie, that to his cost he found her to be most excellent: for Loue that lurked in all these broyles to haue a blow or two, seeing the parties at the gaze, encountred them both with such a veny, that the stroke pierst to the heart so deepe, as it could neuer bee raced out. At last, after hee had looked so long till Aliena wext red, hee returned her this answere.

Faire shepheardesse, if fortune graced mee with such good happe, as to doe you any fauour, I hold my selfe as contented, as if I had gotten a greater conquest: for the relefe of a distressed woman, is the speciall point, that Gentlemen are tyed vnto by honour: seeing then by hazard to rescue your harmes, was rather duety then curtesie, thankes is more then belongs to the requitall of such a fauour. But least I might seeme either coy, or too careleste of a Gentlewomans proffer, I will take your kinde Gramercy for a recompence. All this while that he spake, Ganimede lookt earnestly vpon him, and said. Truly Rosader this Gentleman fauours you much in the feature of your face. No marualle, quoth he (gentle Swayne) for tis my eldest Brother Saladine. Your brother,

quoth

(quoth Aliena) and with that shee blusht, hee is the more welcome and I hold my selfe the more his debter, and for that he hath in our behalfe done such a piece of seruice, if it please him to doe mée that honour, I wil cal him seruant, and he shall call me mistris. Content swéete mistres (quoth Saladine) and when I forget to call you so, I will bée vnmindfull of mine owne selfe. Away with these quirkes and quiddities of loue, quoth Rosader, and giue mée some drinke, for I am passing thirstie, and then will I home, for my wounds bléede sore, and I will haue them dressed. Ganimede had teares in her eyes, and passions in her heart, to sée Rosader so pained, and therefore stept hastily to the bottle, and filled out some wine in a Mazer, shée spiced it with such comfortable drugs as shée had about her, and gaue it him, which did comfort Rosader. that rising (with the helpe of his brother) hée tooke his leaue of them, and went to his lodge. Ganimede as soone as they were out of sight, ledde her flocke downe to a vale, and there vnder the shadowe of a Beech trée sate downe and beganne to mourne the misfortunes of her swéete heart. And Aliena as a woman passing discontent, seuering her selfe from her Ganimede sitting vnder a Lemmon trée, began to sigh out the passions of her new loue, and to meditate with her selfe on this manner,

Alienaes Meditation.

Ay me, now I sée, and sorrowing sigh to sée, that Dianaes Laurells, are harbourers of Venus Doues, that there trace aswell thorow the Lawns, wantons, as chaste ones; that Calisto, bee shée neuer so chary, will cast an amorous eye at counting Ioue: and Diana her selfe will change her shape, but she will honour loue in a shadow that maides eyes, bee they as hard as Diamonds, yet Cupid hath drugs to make them more plyable than waxe. See Aliena, how fortune, and loue haue interleagued themselues to bee thy foes, and to make thee their subiect, or else their abiect, haue inueigled thy sight with a most beautifull obiect. Of late thou heldst Venus for a giglet, not a Goddesse, now thou shalt be forst to sue suppliant to her Deitie, Cupid was a boy, and blind, but alas his eye had aime enough to pierce thée at the heart. While I liued in the Court, I held loue in contempt, and in high seates I had small desire. I knew not affection while I liued in dignitie, now could Venus countercheck mee, as long as my fortune was maiestie, and my thoughts honour: and shall I nowe bee high in desires, when I am made low by destinie:

I haue heard them say, that loue lookes not at low Cottages, that Venus sets in robes, and not in rags, that Cupid flies so high that hée scornes to touch pouertie with his heele. Tush Alinda, these are but old wiues tales, and neither authenticall precepts, nor infallible principles: for experience tels thee, that peasants haue their passions, as well as the Princes, that Swaines, as they haue their labours, so they haue their amours, and loue lurkes, as soone about a shéepe-coate as a pallace.

Ah Alinda, this day in auoyding a prejudice, thou art fallen into a déeper mischiefe, béeing rescued from the robbers, thou art become captiue to Saladine, and what then? women must loue, or they must cease to liue: and therefore did Nature frame them faire, that they might be subiect to fancie. But perhaps Saladines eye is leueld on a more séemely saint. If it bée so, beare thy passions with patience. Loue hath wrongd thée that hath not wrongd him, if hee bée proud in contempt, bée thou rich in content, and rather die than discouer any desire: for there is nothing more precious in a woman, than to conceale loue and to die modest. He is sonne and heire of sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, a youth comely enough. O Alinda, too comely, els hadst not thou béene thus discontent: valiant, and that fettered thine eye, wise, else had thou not bin now won: but for all these vertues, banisht by thy father, & therefore if hee know thy parentage, hée will hate the fruit for the trée, & condemne the yong sien for the old stock. Well, howsoeuer, I must loue: and whomsoeuer I will, and what soeuer betide, Aliena will thinke well of Saladine: suppose hée of mée as hée please. And with that fetching a déepe sigh, shée rose vp, and went to Ganimede, who all this while sate in a great dumpe, fearing the imminent danger of her friend Rosader: but now Aliena beganne to comfort her, her selfe béeing ouergrowne with sorrowes, and to recall her from her melancholy with many pleasant perswasions. Ganimede tooke all in the best part, and so they went home together after they had folded their flockes. supping with olde Coridon, who had prouided their cates. Hee after supper, to passe away the night while bed-time, beganne a long discourse. how Montanus the young Shepheard that was in loue with Phebe, coulde by no meanes obtaine any fauour at her handes: but still pained in restlesse passions: remained a hopelesse and perplexed Louer. I would I might (quoth Aliena) once sée that Phebe, is she so faire

that

that shée thinkes no shepheard worthy of her beauty: or so froward that no loue nor loyalty will content her: or so coy, that she requireth a long time to be wooed, or so foolish she forgets, that like a fop she must haue a large haruest for a little corne.

I cannot distinguish, said Coridon, of these nice qualities, but one of these dayes Ile bring Montanus and her downe, that you may sée their persons, and note their passions, and then where the blame is, there let it rest. But this I am sure, said Coridon, if all maides were of her minde, the world would growe to a mad passe, for there should be much more of wooing, and little wedding, many words and little worship, much folly, and no faith.

At this sad sentence of Coridon, so sadly brought forth, Aliena smiled, and because it waxed late, shée and her Page went to bed, both of them hauing fleas in their eares to kéepe them awake, Ganimede for the hurt of her Rosader, and Aliena for the affection shée bore to Saladine. In this discontented humour, they past away the time, till falling asléepe, their senses at rest, loue left them to their quiet slumbers: which were not long, for assoone as Phebus rose from his Aurora, and began to mount him in the skie, summoning plow-swains to their handy labour, Aliena rose, and going to the couch where Ganimede lay, awaked her Page, saying, the morning is farre spent, the dew small, and time called them away to the folds. Ah ha, said Ganimede, is the wind in that doore? Then in faith I perceiue there is no Diamond so hard, but will yéeld to the File, no Cedar so strong but the winde will shake, or no minde so chaste, but loue will change. Well Aliena must Saladine bee the man, and will it bee a match? trust mée, hée is faire and valiant, the sonne of a worthie Knight, whom if hée imitate in perfection, as hée representes him in proportion, hée is worthy of no lesse than Aliena. But hée is an exile, what then? I hope my Mistris respects the vertues, not the wealth, and measures the qualities, not the substance.

Those dames that are like Danae, that like Ioue in no shape, but in a showre of gold, I wish them husbands with much wealth, & little wit, that the want of the one may blemish the abundance of the other. It should (my Aliena) staine the honor of a shepheards life, to set the end of passions vpon pelfe. Loues eyes looke not so low as gold, there is no fées to be paid in Cupids Courts, and in elder times (as Coridon hath told me) the shepheards loue gifts were Apples, and Chesnuts,

nuts, and then their desires were loyal, and their thoughts constant. But now,

Quærenda pecunia primum post nummos virtus.

And the time is growne to that which Horace in his Satyres wrote on:

omnis enim res,
Virtus, fama, decus, diuina humanaq; pulchris
Diuitijs parent: quas qui construxerit, ille
Clarus erit, fortis, iustus, sapiens, etiam & rex,
Et quicquid volet.

But Aliena, let it not bee so with thée in thy fancies, but respect his faith, and there an end. Aliena hearing Ganimede thus forward to further Saladine in his affections, thought thée kill the childe for the nurses sake, and woed for him, that shee might please. Rosader made this reply.

Why Ganimede, whereof growes this perswasion? Hath thou séene loue in my lookes, or are mine eyes growne so amorous, that, they discouer some new entertained fancies? If thou measurest my thoughts by my countenance, thou maist proue as ill a phisiognomer as the Lapidary, that aimes at the secret vertues of the Topaze, by the exteriour shadow of the stone. The operation of the Agate is not knowne by the strakes, nor the Diamond prized by the brightnesse, but by the hardnes. The Carbuncle that shines most, is not euer the most precious: and Apothecaries chuse not flowers for their colours, but for their vertues. Womens faces are not alwaies kalenders of fancie, nor doe their thoughts and their lookes euer agrée: For when their eyes are fullest of fauours, then are they most empty of desire: and when they séeme to frowne and disdaine, then are they most forward to affection. If I bee melancholy, then Ganimede tis not a consequence, that I am intangled with the perfection of Saladine. But séeing fire cannot bée hid in the straw, nor loue kept so couert but it will be spied, what should friends conceale fancies? know (my Ganimede) the beauty and valour, the wit & prowesse of Saladine hath fettered Aliena so farre, as there is no obiect pleasing to her eyes, but the sight of Saladine, and if loue hath done mee iu-

stice

ſtice, to wrap his thoughts in the folds of thy face, and that hée is as deepely enamored as I am paſſionate, I tell thée Ganimede, there ſhall not be much wooing, for ſhée is already wonne, and what néeds a longer battery? I am glad quoth Ganimede, that it ſhall bee thus proportioned, you to match with Saladine and I with Roſader, thus haue the deſtinies fauoured vs with ſome pleaſing aſpect, that haue made vs as priuate in our loues, as familiar in our fortunes.

With this Ganimede ſtart vp, made her ready, and went into the fields with Aliena, where vnfolding their flocks they ſate them down vnder an Oliue tree, both of them amorous, & yet diuerſly affected: Aliena ioying in the excellence of Saladine, and Ganimede ſorrowing for the wounds of Roſader, not quiet in thought, till ſhee might heare of his health. As thus both of them ſate in their dumpes, they might eſpy where Coridon came running towards them, almoſt out of breath with haſt. What newes with you (quoth Aliena) that you come in ſuch poſt? Oh miſtris (quoth Coridon) you haue a long time deſired to ſée Phœbe the faire ſhepheardeſſe, whom Montanus loues, if now ſo it pleaſe you and Ganimede to walke with me to yonder thicket, there ſhall you ſée Montanus and her ſitting by a fountaine, he courting her with his country ditties, and ſhe ſo coy as if ſhe held loue in diſdaine.

The newes were ſo welcome to the two louers, that vp they roſe and went with Coridon. Aſſoone as they drew nigh the thicket, they might eſpye where Phœbe ſate (the faireſt Shepheardeſſe in all Arden, and the frolikeſt Swaine in the whole Forreſt) ſhee in a petticoate of Scarlet, couered with a gréene mantle, and to ſhroude her from the ſun a chaplet of Roſes, from vnder which appeared a face full of natures excellence, and two ſuch eyes as might haue amated a greater man then Montanus. At gaze vpon this gorgeous Nimph ſate the Sepheard, féeding his eyes with her fauours. wooing with ſuch pitious lookes and courting with ſuch déepe ſtrained ſighes: as would haue made Diana her ſelfe to haue beene compaſſionate: at laſt fixing his lookes on the riches of her face, his head on his hand, and his elbow on his knee, he ſung this mournfull Dittie.

Montanus Sonnet.

A Turtle ſate vpon a leaueleſſe tree,
mourning her abſent pheare,

With ſad and ſorry cheere
A bout her wondring ſtood,
The Citizens of wood,
And whilſt her plumes ſhe rents,
And for her loue laments:
The ſtately trees complaine them
And birds with ſorrow paine them
Each one that doth her view,
Her paine and ſorrowes rue:
But were the ſorrowes knowne,
That me hath ouerbrowne,
Oh how would *Phœbe* ſigh, if ſhe looke on me?

The loue-ſicke *Polipheme* that could not ſee,
Who on the barraine ſhore,
His fortunes did deplore:
And melteth all in mone,
For *Galatea* gone:
And with his cryes,
Affliƈts both earth and skyes,
And to his woe betoke?
Doth breake both pype and hooke,
For whom complaines the morne,
For whom the Sea-Nymphs mourne.
Alas his paine is nought:
For were my woe but thought,
Oh how would *Phœbe* ſigh, if ſhe did looke on me?

Beyond compare my paine, yet glad am I,
If gentle *Phœbe* daine, to ſee her *Montane* die.

After this Montanus felt his paſſions ſo extreame, that he fell into this exclamation againſt the iniuſtice of Loue.

Helas Tyrant plein de rigueur
Modere vn peu ta violence.
Que te ſert ai ſi grande deſpence?
Ceſt trop de flammes pour vn cœur,
Eſpargnez en vne eſt incelle.

Puis

Puis fait ton effort d'esmouoir,
La fiere qui ne veut point voir,
En quel feu ie bruſle pour elle.
Execute Amour ce deſſein,
Et rabaiſſe vn peu ſon audace,
Son cœur ne doit eſtre de glace,
Bien que elle ait de neige le ſein.

Montanus ended his Sonnet with ſuch a vollie of ſighs, and ſuch a ſtreame of teares, as might haue moued any but Phebe to haue granted him fauour. But ſhe meaſuring all his paſſions with a coy diſdaine, and triumphing in the poore Shepheards patheticall humours, ſmiling at his martyrdome, as though loue had beene no maladie, ſcornefully warbled out this Sonnet.

Phœbe *Sonnet, a reply to* Montanus *paſſion.*

Downe a downe,
Thus *Phillis* ſung,
By fanſie once diſtreſſed,
Who ſo by fooliſh loue are ſtung,
Are worthily oppreſſed.
And ſo ſing I, with a downe, downe, &c.

When loue was firſt begot,
And by the mothers will,
Did fall to humane lot,
His ſalace to fullfill:
Deuoide of all deceit,
A chaſte and holy fire,
Did quicken mans conceit,
And womens breaſt inſpire,
The Gods that ſaw the good,
That mortals did approue,
With kind and and holy moode,
Began to talke of loue,
Downe a downe.

Thus *Phillis* ſung,
By fanſie once diſtreſſed, &c.

But during this accord,
A wonder ſtrange to heare:
Whilſt loue in deed and word,
Moſt faithfull did appeare,
Falſe ſemblance came in place,
By iealouſie attended:
And with a double face,
Both Loue and Fanſie blended
Which make the Gods forſake,
And men from fanſie flie:
And maidens ſcorne a make,
Forſooth and ſo will I.
Downe a downe.

Thus *Phillis* ſung,
By fanſie once diſtreſſed:
Who ſo by fooliſh loue are ſtung
are worthily oppreſſed.
And ſo ſing I, with downe, a downe, a downe a.

Montanus hearing the cruell reſolution of Phœbe, was ſo ouergrowne with paſſions, that from amorous ditties, hee fell flat into theſe termes. Ah Phœbe, ſaid he, whereof art thou made, that thou regardeſt not my malady? Am I ſo hatefull an obiect, that thy eyes condemne me for an abiect: or ſo baſe, that thy deſires cannot ſtoope ſo lowe as to lend mée a gracious looke? my paſſions are many, my loues more, my thoughts loyaltie, and fanſie faith: all deuoted in humble deuoire to the ſeruice of Phœbe, and ſhal I reape no reward for ſuch fealties? The Swaines daily labours is quit with the euenings hire: the Plowmans toyle is eaſed with the hope of Corne: what the Dre ſweates out at the plough, he fatteth at the crib: but in fortunate Montanus hath no ſalue for his ſorrow, nor any hope of recompence, for the hazard of his perplexed paſſions. If (Phœbe) time may pleade the proofe of my truth twice, ſeuen winters haue I loued faire Phœbe: if conſtancy bée a cauſe to further my ſuite, Montanus thoughts haue béene ſealed in the ſweet of Phœbus excellence, as far from change as ſhe from loue: if outward paſſions may diſcouer inward affections, the furrowes in my face may diſcouer the ſorrowes of my heart, and the map of my lookes the griefe of my minde. Thou ſeeſt

seest (Phœbe) the teares of dispaire haue made my cheekes full of wrinckles, & my scalding sighs haue made the aire eccho her pittie, conceiued in my plaints: Philomele hearing my passions, hath left her mournfull tunes to listen to the discourse of my passions, I haue pourtraied in euery tree the beautie of my Mistris, and the despaires of my loues. What is it in the woods cannot witnesse my woes? and who is it would not pittie my plaints? onely Phœbe: and why? because I am Montanus, and she Phœbe: I a worthlesse Swaine, and she the most excellent of all faires. Beautifull Phœbe, oh might I say pittifull, then happy were I, though I tasted but one minute of that good hap. Measure Montanus, not by his fortune, but by his loues, and ballance not his wealth, but his desires, and lend but one gracious looke to cure a heape of disquieted cares: if not, ah if Phœbe cannot loue, let a storme of frownes end the discontents of my thoughts, and so let me perish in my desires, because they are aboue my deserts, onely at my death this fauour cannot be denied me, that all shall say, Montanus died for loue of hard hearted Phœbe.

At these words shee fild her face full of frownes, and made him this short and sharpe reply. Importunate Shepheard, whose loues are lawlesse, because restlesse: are thy passions so extreame that thou canst not conceale it with patience? Or art thou so follie-sicke, that thou must needes bee fancie sicke, and in thy affection tyed to such an exigent, as none serues but Phœbe? Well sir, if your market can bee made no where else, home againe, for your mart is at the fairest.

Phœbe is no lettice for your lips, and her grapes hang so high, that gaze at them you may, but touch them you cannot. Yet Montanus, I speake not this in pride, but in disdaine, not that I scorne thee, but that I hate loue, for I count it as great honour to triumph ouer fancie as ouer fortune. Rest thee content therefore Montanus, cease from thy loues, and bridle thy looks, quench the sparkles before they growe to a further flame, for in louing mee, thou shalt but liue by losse, and what thou vttereſt in words, are written in the wind. Wert thou Montanus as faire as Paris, as hardy as Hector, as constant as Troylus, as louing as Leander: Phœbe could not loue, because thee cannot loue at all: and therefore if thou pursue me with Phœbus, I must flee with Daphne.

Ganimede ouer-hearing these passions of Montanus, could

not by like the crueltie of Phebe, but starting from behinde the bush, said: And if (damsell) you fled from mée, I would transforme you, as Daphne to a Bay, and then in contempt, trample your branches vnder my feet. Phebe at this suddaine reply was amazed, especially when shée saw so faire a Swaine as Ganimede: blushing therefore she would haue béene gone, but that hée held her by the hand, and prosecuted his reply thus. What Shepheardesse, faire and so cruel, disdaine beséemes not cottages, nor coynesse maides: for either they bee condemned to bee too proude or too froward. Take héede faire Nymph, that in despising loue, you be not ouer-reached with loue, and in shaking off all, shape your selfe to your owne shadow, and so with Narcissus proue passionate, & yet vnpitied. Oft haue I heard, & somtimes haue séene high disdaine turned to hot desires. Because, thou art beautifull, bee not so coy: as there is nothing more faire, so is there nothing more fading: as momentanie as the shadowes that grow from a cloudy Sunne. Such, my faire Shepheardesse, as disdaine in youth, desire in age, and then are they hated in the winter that might haue béen loued in the prime. A wrinckled maide is like a parched Rose, that is cast vp in Coffers to please the smel, not worne in the hand to content the eye, there is no folly in loue to had I will, and therefore be ruled by mée, loue while thou art yong, least thou be disdained when thou art old. Beauty nor time cannot be recalled, and if thou loue, like of Montanus; for as his desires are many, so his deserts are great.

Phebe all this while gazed on the perfection of Ganimede, as déepely enamoured of his perfection, as Montanus enueagled with hers, for her eye made survey of his excellent feature, which shee found so rare, that shee thought the ghost of Adonis had beene leapt from Elisium, in the shape of a Swaine. When shee blushed at her owne folly, to looke so long on a stranger, shee mildely made answere to Ganimede thus: I cannot denie Sir, but I haue heard of loue, though I neuer felt loue, and haue read of such a Goddesse as Venus, though I neuer saw any but her picture; and perhaps, and with that shee wart red and bashfull, and withall, silent: which Ganimede perceiuing, commended in her selfe the bashfulnesse of the maide, and desired her to goe forward. And perhaps Sir, quoth shee, mine eye hath béene more prodigall to day than euer before: and with that shee stayed againe, as one greatly passionate and perplexed

plered. Aliena seeing the Hare through the maze, bade her forward with her prattle: but in vaine, for at this abrupt period she brake off and with her eyes full of teares, and her face couered with a vermilion die, she sate downe and sighed, whereupon Aliena, and Ganimede, seeing the shepheardesse in such a strange plight, left Phebe with her Montanus, wishing her friendly, that she would be more pliant to loue, least in penance Venus ioyned to her some sharpe penance. Phebe made no reply, but fetcht such a sigh, that Ecchо made relation of her plaint: giuing Ganimede such an adieu with a piercing glance, that the amorous girle boy perceiued Phebe was pincht by the heele.

But leauing Phebe to the folly of her new fancie, and Montanus to attend vpon her: to Saladine, who all this last night could not rest for the remembrance of Aliena, insomuch that he framed a sweete conceited Sonnet to content his humor, which he put in his bosome: being requested by his brother Rosader to goe to Aliena and Ganimede, to signifie vnto them, that his wounds were not dangerous. A more happie message could not happen to Saladine, that taking his Forrest bill on his necke, he trudged in all hast towards the plaines, where Alienas flocke did feede: comming iust to the place when they returned from Montanus and Phebe. Fortune so conducted this iolly Forrester that hee encountred them and Coridon, whom hee presently saluted on this manner.

Faire shepheardesse, and too faire, vnlesse your beauty be tempered with curtesie, & the lineaments of the face graced with the lowlines of minde: as many good fortunes to you and your page as your selues can desire and imagin. My brother Rosader (in the griefe of his green wounds) fil mine full of his friends, hath sent me vnto you with a kind salute, to shew that he brookes his paines with the more patience, in that he holds the parties precious, in whose defence he receiued his preiudice. The report of your welfare, will bee a great comfort to his distempred body, and distressed thoughts, and therfore sent mee with a strict charge to visite you.

And you (quoth Aliena) are the more welcome, in that you are messenger from so kind a Gentleman, whose paines we compassionate with as great sorrow, as hee brookes them with griefe: and his wounds breeds in vs as many passions, as in him extreamities: so that what disquiet hee feeles in body, we partake in heart.

Wishing

wishing (if we might) that our mishap might salue his maladie. But seeing our wishes yeld him little ease, our orizons are neuer idle to the Gods for his recouerie, I pray you (quoth Ganimede) with teares in his eyes, when the Surgeon searcht him, held hee his wounds dangerous? Dangerous (quoth Saladine) but not mortall, and the sooner to be cured, in that his patient is not impatient of any paines: whereupon my Brother hopes within these tenne dayes to walke abroad and visite you himselfe. In the meane time (quoth Ganimede) say his Rosalind commends her vnto him, and bids him bee of good cheere. I know not (quoth Saladine) who that Rosalind is, but whatsoeuer she is, her name is neuer out of his mouth: but amidst the depest of his passions, he vseth Rosalind as a charme to appease all sorrowes with patience. Insomuch that I coniecture my brother is in loue with some Paragon that holds his heart perplexed whose name hee oft records with sighes, sometimes with teares, straight with ioy, then with smiles: as if in one person loue had lodged a Chaos of confused passions. Wherein I haue noted the variable disposition of fancy, that like the Polype in colours, so it changeth in sundrie humors, being as it should seeme, a combat mixt with disquiet, and a bitter pleasure wrapt in a sweet preiudice, like to the Sinople tree, whose blossomes delight the smell, and whose fruit infect the taste.

By my faith (quoth Aliena) Sir, you are deepely read in loue, or growes your insight into affection by experience? Howsoeuer, vndoubtedly it seemeth you are a great Philosopher in Venus principles, els could you not discouer our secret Aphorismes. But Sir, our Country amours are not like your courtly fancies, nor is our wooing like your suing: for poore Shepheards neuer plaine them, til loue paines them, where the Courtiers eye is full of Compassion, when his heart is most free from affection: They court to discouer their eloquence, we woo to ease our sorrowes: euerie faire face with them must haue a new fancie, sealed with a sore finger kisse, and a farre fetcht sigh: we here loue one, and liue to that one, so long as life can maintaine Loue, vsing fewe ceremonies, because wee know fewe subtilties, and little eliquence for that we lightly account of flatterie: onely Faith and Troth, that is Shepheards wooing: and Sir, how like you of this? So (quoth Saladine) as I could tye my selfe to such loue. What, and loke so low as a Shepheardesse, beeing

the

The sonne of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, such desires were a disgrace to your honour, and with that surueying exquisitely euery part of him, as vttering all these words in a deepe passion, shee espyed the paper in his bosome, whereupon growing iealous that it was some amorous Sonnet, shée suddainly snatcht it out of his bosome, and asked if it were any secret: shée was bashfull, and Saladine blusht, which shée perceiuing, said: Nay then sir, if you ware red, my life for yours tis some loue-matter: Ile sée your Mistris name, her praises, and your passions. And with that shée lookt on it, which was written to this effect.

Saladines Sonnet,

If it be true that heauens eternall course',
With restlesse sway, and ceaselesse turning glides;
If aire inconstant be, and swelling sourse,
Turnes and returnes with many fluent tides:
If earth in winter, summers pride estrange,
And nature seemeth onely faire in change.

If it be true that our immortall spright,
Deriu'd from heauenly pure, in wandring still,
In nouelty and strangenesse doth delight,
And by discouering power discerneth ill.
And if the body for to worke his best,
Doth with the seasons change his place of rest.

Whence comes it that inforst by furious skies,
I change both place and soyle, but not my heart,
Yet salue not in this change my maladies?
Whence growes it that each obiect workes my smart?
Alas I see my faith procures my misse,
And change in loue against my nature is.

Et florida pungunt.

Alinda hauing read ouer the Sonnet, beganne thus pleasantly to descant vpon it. I sée Saladine (quoth shee) that as the Sunne is no Sunne without his brightnesse, nor the Diamond accounted for precious, vnlesse it be hard; so men are no men vnlesse they bee in

loue: and their honors are measured by their amours, not their labours; counting it more commendable for a Gentleman to be full of fansie, than full of vertue. I had thought,

Otia si tollas, periere Cupidinis arcus
Contemptæq; iacent & sine luce fáces.

But I see Ouids axiome is not authenticall, for euen labour hath her loues, & extremitie is no Pumice stone to raze out fansie. Your selfe exiled from your wealth, friends, and Countrie, by Torismond, (sorrowes enough to suppresse affection) yet amidst the depth of these extremities, loue will be Lord, and shew his power to be more predominant than fortune: but I pray you sir (if without offence I may craue it) are they some new thoughts, or some old desires? Saladine that now saw opportunitie pleasant, thought to strike while the iron was hot, and therefore taking Alinda by the hand, sate downe by her: and Ganimede to giue them leaue to their loues, found her selfe busie about the folds, while Saladine fell into this prattle with Alinda.

Faire Mistris, if I be blunt in discouering my affection, and vse little eloquence in reuelling out my loues, I appeale for pardon to your owne principles, that say, Shepheards vse no ceremonies, for that they acquaint themselues with few subtilties: to frame my selfe therefore to your Countrey fashion, with much faith and little flatterie: know beautifull Shepheardesse, that whilest I liued in the Court, I knew not loues cumber, but I held affection as a toy; not as a maladie: vsing fansie as the Hyperborei doe their flowers which they weare in their bosome all day, and cast them into the fire for fuel at night. I liked all, because I loued none, and who was most faire, on her I fed mine eye, but as charily as the Bee, that as soone as shee hath suckt Honie from the Rose, straight flieth to the next Marigold. Liuing thus at mine owne list, I wondred at such as were in loue, and when I read their passions, I tooke them onely for Poems, that flowe from the quicknesse of their wit, not the sorrowes of their heart: But now, faire Nymph, since I became a Forrester, Loue hath taught mée such a lesson, that I must confesse his deity and dignity, as there is nothing so precious as beauty, so there is nothing more piercing than Fansie. For since first I arriued in this place, and mine eye tooke a curious suruey of your excellence, I haue béene, so fettered with your beauty and vertue, as (sweete Alinda) Saladine without further circumstance

loues

loues Alinda. I could paint out my desires with long ambages: but seeing in many words lies mistrust, and that truth is euer naked, let this suffice for countrey wooing, Saladine loues Alinda, and none but Alinda. Although these words were most heauenly harmony in the eares of the Shepheardesse, yet to seeme coy at the first courting, and to disdaine loue howsoeuer shee desired loue, shee made this reply.

Ah Saladine, though I seeme simple, yet am I more subtle than to swallow the hooke because it hath a painted baite: as men are wise, so women are wary, specially if they haue that wit, by others harmes to beware. Doe we not know, Saladine that mens tongues are like Mercuries pipe, that can inchant Argus with an hundred eyes: and their words are as preiudiciall as the charmes of Circes, that transforme men into monsters? If such Syrens sing, wee poore women had need stop our eares, least in hearing, we proue so foolish hardy as to beleeue them and so perish in trusting much, and suspecting little, Saladine *Piscatoricius sapit* hee that hath beene once poysoned, and afterwards feares not to bowse of euery potion, is worthy to suffer double penance. Giue mee leaue then to mistrust, though I doe not condemne. Saladine is now in loue with Alinda, he a Gentleman of great parentage, shee a Shepheardesse of meane parents: hee honorable, and shee poore: can loue consist of contraries? will the fawlcon pearch with the kistrel, the lion harbor with the wolfe: wil Venus ioyne robes and rags together? or can there bee a simpathy betweene a King and a begger?

Then Saladine, how can I beleeue thee, that loue should vnite our thoughts, when fortune hath set such a difference betweene our degrees? But suppose thou likest of Alindas beautie, men in their fansie resemble the Waspe, which scornes that flower from which she hath fetcht her ware: playing like the inhabitants of the Iland Tenerifa, who when they haue gathered the sweet spices, vse the Trees for fewell: so men, hauing glutted themselues with the faire of womens faces, hold them for necessary euils: and wearied with that which they seemed so much to loue, cast away fansie, as children doe their rattles: and loathing that which so deerely before they liked, especially such as take loue in a minute, and haue their eyes attractiue like Iet, apt to entertaine any obiect, are as redie to let it slip againe. Saladine hearing how Alinda harpt still on

one string, which was the doubt of mens constancie, he brake off her sharpe inuectiue thus.

I grant Alinda (quoth he) many men haue done amisse, in prouing some ripe, and some rotten: but particular instances infer no generall conclusions: & therefore I hope, what others haue faulted in, shall not preiudice my fauors. I will not vse sophistry to confirme my loue for that is subtiltie: nor long discourses lest my words might be thought more than my faith: but if this will suffice, that by the honor of a Gentleman I loue Alinda: and woe Alinda: not to crop the blossomes, & reiect the tree, but to consummate my faithfull desires, in the honorable end of mariage.

At this word mariage, Alinda stood in a maze what to answer: fearing if she were too coy, to driue him away with her disdaine, if she was too courteous, to discouer the heate of her desires. In a dilemma thus what to doe, at last this she said: Saladine, euer since I saw thee, I fauored thee, I cannot dissemble my desires, because I see thou doest faithfully manifest thy thoughts, and in liking thee, I loue thee, so farre as mine honor holdes fancy still in suspence. but if I knew thee as vertuous as thy father, or aswell qualited as thy brother Rosader, the doubt should be quickly decided: but for this time to giue thee an answere, assure thy selfe thus, I will either marrie with Saladine, or still liue a virgin, & with this they strained one anothers hand. Which Ganimede espying, thinking hee had his mistris long enough at shrift, said: what, a match or no? A match (said Alinda) or else it ware an ill market. I am glad (said Ganimede) I would Rosader were here to make vp the messe. Well remembred (said Saladine) I forgot, I left my brother Rosader alone. therefore, least being solitarie hee should increase his sorrowes: I will haste mee to him. May it please you then to command me any seruice to him, I am ready to be a dutifull messenger. Onely at this time commend me vnto him (quoth Alinda) and tell him though we cannot pleasure him, wee pray for him. And forget not (quoth Ganimede) my commendations: but say to him that Rosalind, sheds as many teares from her heart, as hee drops blood from his wounds, for the sorrow of his misfortunes, feathering all her thoughts with disquiet, till his welfare procures her content; say this (good Saladine) and so farewell. Hee hauing his message, gaue a curteous adieu to them both, especially to Alinda: and so playing loath

to

to depart, went to his brother.

But Alinda perplexed, and yet ioyfull, past away the day pleasantly, still praysing the perfection of Saladine, not ceasing to chat of her new loue, till euening drew on, then they folding their sheepe, went home to bed. Where we leaue them, and returne to Phebe. Phebe fired with the vncouth flame of loue, returned to her fathers house, gauled with restlesse passions, as now she beganne to knowledge, there was no flower so fresh, but might be parched with the Sunne: no tree so strong, but might be shaked with a storme, so there was no thought so chaste, but time armed with loue, could make amorous: for shee that held Diana for the Goddesse for her deuotion, was now faine to flie to the altar of Venus, as suppliant now with prayers, as she was froward afore with disdaine. As shee lay in her bed, shee called to minde the seuerall beauties of young Ganimede, first his locks: which being amber hued, palleth the wreath Phœbus puts on, to make his front glorious: his browe Iuorie, was like the seate where loue and maiesty sits inthrond, to inchaine Fancy: his eyes as bright as the burnishing of the heauen, darting forth frownes with disdaine, and smiles with fauour, lightning such lookes as would inflame desire, were she wrapt in circle of the frozen Zone: in his cheekes the vermilion tincture of the Rose flourished vpon naturall Alablaster, the blush of the morne & Lunaes siluer shew were so liuely portrayed, that the Troian that fils out wine to Iupiter, was not halfe so beautiful, his face was ful of pleasance, & al the rest of his lineaments proportioned with such excellence, as Phebe was fettered in the sweetnesse of his feature. The Idea of these perfections tumbling in her minde, made the poore shepheardesse so perplexed, as feeling a pleasure tempered with intollerable paines, and yet a disquiet mixt with a content, shee rather wisht to dye than to liue in this amorous anguish. Wishing is little worth in such extreames, and therefore was shee forced to pine in her maladie, without any salue for her sorrowes: reueale it she durst not, as daring in such matters to make none her secretary: and to conceale it, why it doubled her griefe: for as fire suppressed, growes to the greater flame, and the current stopt, to the more violent streame, so loue smothered wrings the heart with deeper passions.

Perplexed thus with sundrie agonies, her foode beganne to faile, and the disquiet of her minde beganne to worke a distemperature of

her body, that to be short, Phebe fell extreame sick, and so sick, as there was (almost) left no recouerie of her health. Her father seeing his faire Phebe thus distrest, sent for his friends, who sought by medicine, to cure, and by counsaile to pacifie, but all in vaine: for although her bodie was feble through long fasting, yet shee, *magis ægrotauit animo quam corpore.* Which her friends perceiued, and sorrowed at, but salue it they could not.

The newes of her sickneſſe was bruted abroad through all the Forrest, which no sooner came to Montanus eare, but he like a mad man, came to visit Phebe: where sitting by her bed side, hee beganne his exordium with many teares and sighs, that shee perceyuing the extremitie of his sorrowes, beganne now as a Louer to pittie them, though Ganimede held her from redressing them. Montanus craued to know the cause of her sickneſſe, tempered with secrete plaints, but shee answered him and the rest with silence, hauing still the forme of Ganimede in her minde, and coniecturing how shee might reueale her loues. To vtter them in wordes shee found her selfe too bashfull: to discourse by any friend, shee would not truſt any in her amours: to remaine thus perplexed still, and conceale all, it was a double death: whereupon for her last refuge, shee resolued to write to Ganimede, and therefore desired *Montanus* to absent himselfe a while, but not to depart, for shee would see if shee could steale a nap. Shee was no sooner gone out of her chamber, but reaching her standish, shee toke pen and paper, and wrote a letter to this effect.

Phebe to Ganimede, wisheth that she wants her selfe.

FAire Shepheard (therefore is Phebe vnfortunate, because thou art faire) although hitherto mine eyes were Adamants, to reſiſt loue, yet I no sooner saw thy face, but they became amorous, to entertaine loue, more deuoted to fancie, than before they were repugnant to affection, addicted to the one by nature, drawne to the other by beautie: which being rare and made more excellent by many vertues, hath so snared the freedome of Phebe, as shee rests at thy mercy, either to bee made the most fortunate of all Maidens, or the most miserable of all women. Measure not Ganimede my loues by my wealth, nor my desires by my degree: but thinke my thought as full

full of faith, as thy face of amiable fauours. Then, as thou knowest thy selfe most beautifull suppose mée most constant If thou feare me hard hearted, because I hated *Montanus*, thinke I was forst to it by Fate. If thou sayst I am kind hearted, because so lightly I loued thée at the first looke, thinke I was driuen to it by Destinie, whose influence, as it is mighty, so it is not to be resisted. If my fortunes were any thing but infortunate loue, I would striue with Fortune: but he that wrestles against the will of Venus, séekes to quench fire with oyle, and to thrust out one thorne by putting in another. If Ganimede, loue enters at the eye, it harbours in the heart, and wil neither be driuen out with phylicke, nor reason: pitie me, as one whose maladie hath no salue, but from thy sweet selfe, whose griefe hath no ease but through thy grant: and thinke I am a virgin who is deeply wronged when I am forst to woe, and coniecture Loue to bee strong, that is more forcible than Nature. Thus distressed, vnlesse by thée eased, I expect either to liue fortunately by thy fauour, or die miserably by thy denial. Liuing in hope, Farewell.

She that must be thine:
or not all, *Phebe*.

To this Letter shee annexed this Sonnet.

Sonetto.

My Boat doth passe the streights,
Of Seas incenst with fire,
Fild with forgetfulnesse,
Amidst the winters night:
A blind and careless boy,
(Brought vp by fond desire)
Doth guide me in the sea,
Of sorrow and despight.

For euery oare he sets,
A ranke of foolish thoughts,
And cuts (in stead of waue)
A hope without distresse.
The winds of my deepe sighs,
(That thunder still for nought)
Haue split my sailes with feare,
with care and heauinesse,

A mighty ſtormes of teares.
A blacke and hideous cloude,
A thouſand fierce diſdaines,
Doe ſlacke the haleyards off,
Till ignorance doe pull,
And errour haile the ſhroude,
No ſtarre for ſafety ſhines,
No *Phebe* from aloft.
Time hath ſubdued Art, and Ioy is ſlaue to Woe,
Alas (Loue guide) be kind, what ſhall I periſh ſo?

This Letter and the Sonnet being ended, ſhee could finde no fit meſſenger to ſend it by, and therefore ſhee called Montanus, and entreated him to carrie it to Ganimede. Although poore Montanus ſaw day at a little hole, and did perceiue what paſſion pinched her, yet (that he might ſeeme dutiful to his Miſtris in all her ſeruice) he diſſembled the matter, and became a willing meſſenger of his owne martyrdome, & ſo (taking the letter) went the next morne very early to the plaines where Alinda fed her flocks, and there he found Ganimede ſitting vnder a Pomgranate tree, ſorrowing for the hard fortunes of her Roſader. Montanus ſaluted him, and according to his charge, deliuered Ganimede the Letters, which (he ſaid) came from Phebe. At this the wanton bluſht, and being abaſht to thinke what newes ſhould come from an vnknowne ſhepheardeſſe: but taking the Letters, vnript the ſeales, and read ouer the diſcourſe of Phebes fancies. When ſhe had read and ouer-read them, Ganimede began to ſmile, and looking on Montanus, fell into a great laughter, and with that called Alinda, to whom ſhe ſhewed the writings, who hauing peruſed them, conceited them very pleaſantly, and ſmiled to ſee how loue had yoked her, who before would not ſtoope to the lure. Alinda whiſpering Ganimede in the eare, and ſaying: Knew Phebe what want there were in thee to performe her will, and how vnfit thy kind is to be kinde to her, ſhe would be more wiſe, and leſſe enamoured: but leauing that, I pray thee let vs ſport with this ſwain.

At this word Ganimede turning to Montanus, began to glance at him thus. I pray thee tell mee Shepheard by thoſe ſweet thoughts and pleaſing ſighs that grew from thy Miſtris fauours, art thou in loue with Phebe? Oh my youth, quoth Montanus, were Phebe

ſo

so far in loue with me, my flocks would be more fat, and their Maister more quiet: for through the sorrowes of my discontent, growes the leanesse of my sheepe. Alas poore swaine, quoth Ganimede, are thy passions so extreame, or thy fancy so resolute, that no reason will blemish the pride of thy affection, and race out that which thou striuest for without hope? Nothing can make me forget Phœbe, whilst Montanus forget himselfe: for those characters true loue hath stamped, neither the enuie of time, nor fortune can wipe away. But Montanus, quoth Ganimede, enter with a deepe insight into the dispaire of thy fancies, and thou shalt see the depth of thine owne follies: for (poore man) thy progresse in loue, is a regresse to losse, swimming against the streame with the crab, and flying with Apis Indica against winde and weather. Thou seekest with Phœbus to win Daphne, and she flies faster than thou canst follow: thy desires soare with the hobby, but her disdaine reacheth higher than thou canst make wings, I tel thee Montanus, in courting Phœbe, thou barkest with the wolues of Syria against the moone, & roueſt at such a mark with thy thoghts, as it is beyond the pitch of thy bow, praying to loue when loue is pitilesse, and thy maladie remediles. For proofe, Montanus, read these Letters wherein thou shalt see thy great follies, and little hope.

With that Montanus tooke them and perused them, but with such sorrow in his looks, as they bewrayed a sowrse of confused passions in his heart: at euery line his colour changed, and euery sentence was ended with a period of sighs.

At last, noting Phœbes extreame desire towards Ganimede, and her disdaine towards him, giuing Ganimede the Letter, the Shepheard stood as though hee had neither wonne nor lost. Which Ganimede perceiuing, waked him out of his dreame, thus: now Montanus doest thou see, thou bowest great seruice, and obtainest but little reward: but in lieu of thy loyaltie, thee makes thee as Bellephoron, carry thine owne bane. Then drinke not willingly of that potion wherein thou knowest is poyson, creepe not to her that cares not for thee. What Montanus there are many as faire as Phebe, but most of all more curteous than Phebe. I tell thee shepheard, fauour is loues sewell: then since thou canst not get that, let the flame vanish into smoake, and rather sorrow for a while, then repent thee for euer. I tel thee Ganimede, quoth Montanus, as they whych are stung with the Scorpion, cannot be recouered but by the Scorpion, nor hee that

was wounded with Achillis lance, be cured but with the same truncheon: Apollo was faine to cry out, that loue onely was eased with loue, and fancie healed by no medicine but fauour: Phœbus had hearbs to heale all harts but this passion: Circes had charmes, for all chances but for affection: and Mercurie subtill reasons to refel all griefes but loue. Perswasions are bootles: reasons lend no remedy, counsell no comfort, to such whom fancie hath made resolute: and therefore though Phœbe loues Ganimede, yet Montanus must honor none but Phœbe.

Thus quoth Ganimede, may I rightly terme thee a dispairing louer, that liuest with ioy, and louest without hope: but what shall I doe Montanus to pleasure thee? shall I disdaine Phœbe as she disdaines thee? Oh (quoth Montanus) that were to renue my griefe, and double my sorrowes: for the sight of her discontent were the censure of death. Alas Ganimede though I perish in my thoughts, let not her in her desires. Of all passions loue is most impatient, then let not so faire a creature as Phœbe sinke vnder the burthen of so deepe distresse. Being loue sicke, she is proued heart sicke, and all for the beautie of Ganim. Thy proportion hath intangled her affections, and she is snared in the beauty of thy excellence. Then sith she loues thee so deere, dislike not her deadly. Be thou paramor to such a paragon, she hath beauty to please thine eye, & flocks to inrich thy store. Thou canst not wish for more than thou shalt winne by her: for she is beautiful, vertuous, and wealthy, three deepe perswasions to make loue frolike. Aliena seeing Montanus cut it against the hayre, and pleade that Ganimede ought to loue Phœbe, answered him thus. Why Montanus doest thou further this motion? seeing if Ganimede marry Phebe thy market is cleane marred.

Ah mistris (quoth hee) so hath loue taught mee to honour Phœbe, that I would preiudice my life to pleasure her, and die in despaire, rather than she should perish for want. It shall suffice me to see her contented, and to feede mine eye on her fauour. If she marry, though it be my Martyrdom: yet if she be pleased, Ile brook it with patience, and triumph in mine owne teares to see her desires satisfied. Therefore if Ganimede be as curteous as he is beautifull, let him shew his vertues in redressing Phebes miseries. And this Montanus pronounst with such an assured countenance, that it amazed Aliena, and Ganimede to see the resolutions of his loues, for that they pitied.

His

his passions, and commended his patience, deuising how they might by any subtilty, get Montanus Phebes fauour. Straight (as womens heads are full of wiles) Ganimede had a fetch to force Phebe to fancy the Shepheard, malgrado the resolution of her minde, he prosecuted his policie thus. Montanus, quoth hee, seeing phebe is so forlorne, lest I might bee counted vnkinde, in not saluting so faire a creature, I will goe with thee to Phebe, and there beare her selfe in word otter, that she hath discourst with her pen, and then, as loue wils me, I will set downe my censure. I will home to our house, and send Coridon to accompany Aliena. Montanus seemed glad of his determination, and away they goe towards the house of phebe. When they drew nie to the cottage Montanus ran before, and went in and told Phebe, that Ganimede was at the doore. This word (Ganimede) sounding in the eares of Phebe, droue her into such an extasie for ioy, that rising vp in her bed, shee was halfe reuiued, and hee wanne colour began to ware red: and with that came Ganimede in, who saluted Phebe with such a curteous looke, that it was halfe a salue to her sorrowes: sitting him downe by her bed side he questioned about her disease, and where the paine chiefly held her. Phebe loking as louely on Venus in her night-geere, tainting her face with a ruddy blush or Clitia did when shee bewraide her loues to Phœbus, taking Ganimede by the hand, said thus: Faire Shepheard, if loue were not more strong than nature, or fansie the sharpest extreame, my immodestie were the more, and thy vertues the lesse: for nature hath framed womens eyes bashfull, their hearts full of feare, and their tongues full of silence: but loue, that imperious loue, where his power is predominant, there he peruerteth all, and wreasts the wealth of nature to his owne will: an instance in my selfe, faire Ganimede, for such a fire hath he kindled in my thoughts, that to finde ease for the flame, I was forced to passe the bounds of modestie, and seeke the salue at thy hands for my harmes: blame not if I be ouer-bold, for it is thy beauty, and if I be too forward, it is fansie, and the deepe insight into thy vertues that doe make mee thus fond. For, let me say in a word what may bee contayned in a volume, Phebe loues Ganimede: at this shee held downe her head, and wept, and Ganimede rose, as one that would suffer no filth to hang on his fingers, made this reply. Water not thy plants, Phebe, for I doe pitie thy plaints, nor seeke not to

discouer thy loues in teares: for I coniecture thy truth by thy passions: sorrow is no salue for louers, nor sighes no remedy for affection. Therefore frolike Phœbe, for if Gadimede can cure thee, doubt not of recouery. Yet this let me say without offence, that it grieued me to thwart Montanus in his fansies, seeing his desires haue beene so resolute, and his thoughts so loyall: but thou alleagest that thou art forct from him by fate, so I tell thee Phœbe, either some starre, or some destinie fits my minde, rather with Adonis, to die in chase, than bee counted a wanton on Venus knee. Though I pitie thy martyrdome, yet cannot I grant marriage, for though I hold thee faire, yet mine eye is not fettered: loue growes not like the herbe Spartanna to his perfection in one night, but creeps with the snaile, and yet at last, attaines to the top. *Festinalentè*. especially in loue, for momentany fancies are oftentimes the fruits of follies: If (Phœbe) I should like thée as the Heperborei doe their dates, which banquet with them in the morning, and throw them away at night, my folly should bee great, and thy repentance more. Therefor I will haue time to turne my thoughts, and my loue shall grow vp as the watercresses, slowly, but with a deepe roote. Thus Phœbe thou maist see I disdaine not, though I desire not, remaining indifferent, til time & loue make me resolute. Therefore phœbe, seeke not to suppresse affection, and with the loue of Montanus, quench the remembrance of Ganimede: striue thou to hate me, as I seek to like of thée, & euer haue the duties of Montanus in thy mind, for well maist thou haue one more wealthie, but not more loyall. These words were corasiues to the perplexed Phœbe, that sobbing out sighs, and straining out teares, she blubbered out these words.

And shall I then haue no salue of Ganimede, but suspence, no hope, but a doubtfull hazard, no comfort, but be posted off to the will of time? Iust haue the Gods ballanced my fortunes, who being cruell to Montanus, found Ganimede as vnkind to my selfe: so inforcing him to perish for loue, I shall die my selfe, with ouermuch loue, I am glad, quoth Ganimede, you looke into your owne faults, and see where your owne wrongs you, measuring now the paines of Montanus, by your owne passions. True quoth Phœbe, and so deeply I repent me of my frowardnesse toward the Shepheard, that could I cease to loue Ganimede, I would resolue to loue Montanus. What if I can with reason perswade Phœbe to mislike of

Ganimede,

Ganimede, will she then fauour Montanus? When reason, quoth she, doth quench that loue that I doe owe to thée, then will I fancy him: conditionally, that if my loues can be suppreſt with no reason, as being without reason, Ganimede will onely wed himselfe to Phœbe. I grant it, faire shepheardelle, quoth he, and to fed thée with the sweetnes of hope, this resolue on: I will neuer marry my selfe to woman, but to thy selfe: and with that Ganimede gaue Phœbe a fruitlesse kisse, and such words of comfort, that before Ganimede departed, shée rose out of her bed, and made him and Montanus as good cheere as could be found in such a country Cottage, Ganimede in middest of this banquet, rehearsing the promises of either, in Montanus fauor, which highly pleased the shepheard. Thus all three content, and soothed vp in hope, Ganimede toke his leaue of Phœbe, and departed leauing her a contented woman, and Montanus highly pleased. But poore Ganimede, who had her thoughts on Rosader, calling to remembrance his wounds fild her eyes full of teares, and her heart full of sorrowes, plodded to finde Aliena at the folds, thinking with her presence to driue away her passions. As shee came on the plaines, she might espie where Rosader and Saladine sate with Aliena vnder the shade: which sight was a salue to her griefe, and such a cordiall vnto her heart, that she tript among the lawnes full of ioy. At last, Coridon who was with them, spied Ganimede: with that the clowne rose, and running to meete him, cried, O sirra, a match, a match, our Mistris shall be married on Sunday. Thus the poore peasant frolikt it before Ganimede, who comming to the crue, saluted them all, & especially Rosader, saying, that he was glad to see him so well recouered of his wounds. I had not gone abroad so soone, quoth Rosader, but that I am bidden to a mariage, which on sunday next must be solemnized, betwixt my brother and Aliena. I see well where loue leades, delay is lothsome, and what small wooing serues where both parties are willing. True, quoth Ganimede, but what a happie day should it be, if Rosader that day might be married to Rosalinde? Ah good Ganimede, quoth hee, by naming Rosalind, renew not my sorrowes for the thought of her perfections, is the thrall of my miseries. Tush, be of good cheere man, quoth Ganimede, I haue a friend that is deeply experienced in negromancy and magicke, what Art can doe, shall bee acted for thine aduantage. I will cause to bring in Rosalind, if either France, or any bordering Nation harbour

her, and vpon that take the faith of a young shepheard, Aliena smiled to see how Rosader frowned, thinking that Gerismond had iested with him. But breaking off from those matters, the Page somwhat pleasant, began to discourse vnto them what had passed betweene him & Phebe: which as they laught, so they wondred withall, confessing that there is none so chaste, but loue will change. Thus they past away the day in chat, and when the Sunne began to set, they take their leaues, and departed. Aliena prouiding for their marriage day, such solemne cheere and hansome robes as fitted their Country state, and yet somwhat the better, in that Rosader had promised to bring Gerismond as a guest. Ganimede, who then meant to discouer her selfe before her father, had made her a gowne of greene, and a kertle of the finest sendall, in such sort, that shee seemed some heauenly Nymph, harboured in Country attire.

Saladine was not behind in care to set out the nuptials, nor Rosader vnmindfull to bid guests, inuiting Gerismond and his followers to the feast: who gladly granted, so that there was nothing but the day wanting to his marriage. In the meane time Phebe being a bidden guest, made her selfe as gorgeous as might please the eye of Ganimede: and Montanus suted himselfe with the cost of many of his flocks, to be gallant against that day: for then was Ganimede to giue Phebe answer of her loues: and Montanus, either to heare the doome of his miserie, or the censure of his happinesse: but as this geere was a brewing, Phebe past not a day without visiting her Ganimede, so was shee wrapt in the beautie of this louely Swaine. much prattle they had, and discourst of many passions. Phœbe wisht for the day (as shee thought) of her welfare. Ganimede smiling to thinke what vnexpected euents would fall out at the wedding. In these humours passed the weeke, that at last Sunday came.

No sooner did Phœbus hench-man appeare in the skie, to giue warning that his maisters horses should be trapped in his glorious Coach, Coridon in his holiday sute, maruellous seemely, in a russet Jacket welted with the same, and faced with red worsted, hauing a paire of chamblet sleeues, bound at the wreasts with foure yellow laces, closed afore very richly with a dozen of pewter buttons, his hose were of grey kersey, with a large slop, garded ouerthwart the pocketholes with three faire gards, stitcht of either side with red thred: his stocke was of the own, sewed close to his breech,

and

and for to beautify his hose, he had trust himselfe round with a dozen of new threden points of medley colour: his bonnet greene, whereon stood a copped brooch with the picture of S. Denis: and to want nothing that might make him amorous in his old dayes, hee had a faire shirt-band of fine Locheram, whipt over with Coventry blew of no small cost. Thus attired, Coridon bestird himselfe as chiefe stickler in these actions, & had shrowded all the house with flowers, that it seemed rather some of Floraes choice bowers than any Country Cottage.

Thither repaired Phœbe with all the maides of the Forrest, to set out the bride in the most seemliest sort that might be, but howsoeuer she helpt to prank out Aliena, yet her eye was still on Ganimede who was so neate in a suite of gray, that hee seemed Endimion when he won Luna with his lookes, or Paris when hee plaid the Swaine to get the beauty of the Nimph Oenone, Ganimede like a pretty page waited on his Mistris Aliena: & ouerlookt that all was in readines against the bridegrome should come. Who attired in a Forresters suite, came accompanied with Gerismond, and his brother Rosader early in the morning: where arriued, they were solemnly entertained by Aliena, and the rest of the country swaines. Gerismond very highly commending the fortunate choice of Saladine, in that hee had chosen a shepheardesse, whose vertues appeared in her outward beautie, being no lesse faire than seeming modest. Ganimede comming in, & seeing her father, began to blush. Nature working affects by her secret effects, scarce could shee abstaine from teares to see her father in so low fortunes, hee that was wont to sit in his royall pallace, attended on by twelue noble Peeres, now to bee content with a simple cottage, & a troupe of reueling woodmen for his traine. The consideration of his fall, made Ganimede full of sorrowes: yet that she might triumph ouer fortune, with patience, and not any way dash that merry day with her dumps, she smothered her melancholy with a shadow of mirth, and very reuerently welcomed the King, not according to his former degree, but to his present estate, with such diligence, as Gerismond began to commend the Page for his exquisite person, and excellent qualities.

As thus the King with the Forresters frolickt it amongst the Shepheards, Coridon came in with a faire Mazar full of Sider, and presented it to Gerismond, with such a Clownish salute, that

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he began to smile, and tooke it of the old Shepheard very kindly; drinking to Aliena and the rest of her fayre maides, among whom Phœbe was the formost. Aliena pledged the King, and dranke to Rosader: so the carowse went round from him to Phœbe, &c. As they were thus drinking, and ready to goe to Church, came in Montanus, apparelled all in tawny, to signifie that he was forsaken: on his head wore a garland of willow, his bottle hanged by his side, whereon was painted despaire, and on his shéephooke hung two Sonnets, as labels of his loues and fortunes.

Thus attired came Montanus in, with his face as full of griefe, as his heart was of sorrowes, shewing in his countenance the mappe of extreamities. The Shephards seeing him, did him all the honor they could, as being the flower of all the Swaines in Arden: for a bonier boy was there not séene since the wanton wag of Troy, that kept Shéepe in Ida. Hee séeing the King, and gessing it to be Gerismond, did him all the reuerence his Countrey curtesie could afford, insomuch that the king wondring at his attire, demanded what hée was. Montanus ouer-hearing him, made this reply. I am, quoth he, Loues Swaine, as full of inward discontentments as I seeme fraught with outward follies. My eyes like Bées delight in swéet flowers, but sucking their fill on the faire of beauty, they cary home to the hiue of my hart, far more gall than hony, and for one drop of pure dew, a tun full of deadly Aconiton: I hunt with the flie to pursue the Eagle, that flying too nie the sun, I perish by the sun, my thoughts are aboue my reach, & my desires more than my fortunes, yet neither greater than my loue. But daring with Phaeton, I fall with Icarus, and séeking to passe the mean, I die for being so meane, my night slæps are waking slumbers, as ful of sorrowes as they be from rest, and my daies labors are fruitles amors, staring at a star, & stumbling at a straw, leauing reason to follow after repentance: yet euery passion is a pleasure, though it pinch, because loue hides his wormeséed in figges, his poysons in sweet potions, and shadowes preiudice with the maske of pleasure. The wisest counsellers are my deepe discontents, & I hate that which should salue my harme, like the patient, which stung with the Tarantula, loaths musicke, and yet is the disease incurable but by melody. Thus Sir, restlesse, I hold my selfe remedilesse, as louing without either reward or regard, & yet louing, because there is none worthy to be loued, but the mistris of my thoughts. And that I am

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as full of passions as I haue discourst in my plaints, sir if you please, see my Sonnets, and by them censure of my sorrowes.

These words of Montanus, brought the King into a great wonder, amazed as much at his wit, as at his attire: insomuch that he tooke the papers off his hooke, and read them to this effect.

Montanus first Sonnet.

Alas how wander I amidst these woods,
Whereas no day bright-shine doth finde accesse?
But where the melancholy fleeting floods,
(Darke as the night) my night of woes expresse,
Disarmd of reason, spoyld of natures goods,
Without redresse to salue my heauinesse,
I walke, whilest thought (too cruell to my harmes,
With endlesse griefe my heedlesse iudgement charmes.)
My silent tongue assaild by secret feare,
My trayterous eyes imprisoned in their ioy,
My fatall peace deuoured in fained cheere,
My heart inforst to harbour in annoy,
My reason robd of power by yeelding care,
My fond opinion slaue to euery toy.
Oh loue, the guide in my vncertaine way,
Woe to thy bowe, thy fire, the cause of my decay.

Et florida pungunt.

When the King had read this Sonnet, he highly commended the deuice of the Shepheard, that could so wittily wrap his passions in a shadow, and so couertly conceale that which bred his chiefest discontent: affirming that as the least shrubs haue their tops, the smallest haires their shadowes, so the meanest Swaines had their fancie, and in their kind were as chary of loue as a King. Whetted on with this deuice, he tooke the second and read it, the effects were these.

When the dogge,
Full of rage,
With his irefull eye,
Frownes amidst the skye:
The shepheard to asswage,
The furie of the heate,
Himselfe doth safely seate,
By a fount,
Full of faire,
Where a gentle breath,
Mounting from beneath,
Tempereth the aire,
There his flockes,
Drinke their fill.

And with eaſe repoſe,
Whilſt ſweet ſleepe doth cloſe
Eyes from toyling ill.
But I burne,
Without reſt,
No defenſiue power,
Shields from Phebes lower:
Sorrow is my beſt,
Gentle loue
Lowre no more.

If thou wilt inuade,
In the ſecret ſhade,
Labour not ſo ſore,
I my ſelfe,
And my flocks,
They their loue to pleaſe,
I my ſelfe to eaſe,
Both leaue the ſhady oakes,
Content to burne in fire,
Sith loue doth ſo deſire.

Et florida pungunt.

Geriſmond ſeeing the pithie veine of thoſe Sonets, began to make further enquiry what he was: whereupon Roſader diſcourſt vnto him the loue of Montanus to Phœbe, his great loyaltie, and her great cruelty, and how in reuenge the Gods had made the curious Nimph amorous of young Ganimede. Vpon this diſcourſe the King was deſirous to ſee Phœbe, who being brought before Geriſmond by Roſader, ſhaddowed the beauty of her face with ſuch a vermilion teinture, that the kings eyes beganne to dazle at the beauty of her excellence. After Geriſmond had fed his lookes a while vpon her faire, hee queſtioned with her, why ſhe rewarded Montanus loue with ſo little regard, ſeeing his ſecrets were many, and his paſſions extreame. Phœbe to make reply to the Kings demand, anſwered thus: Loue (ſir) is charitie in his law, and whatſoeuer he ſets downe for iuſtice, bee it neuer ſo vniuſt, the ſentence cannot be reuerſt: womens fanſies lend fauours not euer by deſert, but as they are inforſt by their deſires: for fanſie is tied to the wings of fate, and what the ſtarres decree, ſtands for an infallible doome. I know Montanus is wiſe, and womens eares are greatly delighted with wit, as hardly eſcaping the charmes of a pleaſant tongue, as Vliſſes the melodie of the Syrens: Montanus is beautifull, and womens eyes are ſnared in the excellence of the obiects, as deſirous to feede their lookes with a faire face, as the Bée to ſucke the ſweete flower. Montanus is wealthie, and an ounce of giue me, perſwades a woman more then a pound of heare me.

Danae was won with a golden ſhowre, when ſhee could not bee gotten with all the intreaties of Iupiter: I tell you ſir, the ſtring of a womans heart reacheth to the pulſe of her hand, and let a man rub that with gold, and tis hard but the will proue his hearts gold.

Montanus

Montanus is young, a great clause in fancies court: Montanus is vertuous, the richest argument that loue yeelds, and yet knowing al these perfections, I praise them, and wonder at them, louing the qualities, but not affecting the person, because the destinies haue set downe a contrarie censure. Yet Venus, to adde reuenge, hath giuen me wine of the same grape, a sip of the same sawce, and firing mee with the like passion, hath crost me with as ill a penance: for I am in loue with a shephards swaine, as coy to me, as I am cruell to Montanus; as peremptorie in disdaine, as I was peruerse in desire, and that is, quoth she, Alienaes page, young Ganimede,

Gerismond desirous to prosecute the end of these passions, called in Ganimede, who knowing the case, came in graced with such a blush, as beautified the christall of his face with a ruddy brightnes. The king noting well the phisnomie of Ganimede: beganne by his fauour, to call to minde the face of his Rosalynd, and with that fetcht a deepe sigh. Rosader that was passing familiar with Gerismond, demaunded of him, why he sighed so sore: Because Rosader, quoth he, the fauour of Ganimede puts me in mind of Rosalynd. At this word, Rosader sighed so depely, as though his heart would haue burst. And whats the matter quoth Gerismond, that you quite me with such a sigh? Pardon me sir (quoth Rosader) because I loue none but Rosalynd. And vpon condition quoth Gerismond that Rosalynd were here, I would this day make vp a mariage betwixt her and thee. At this Aliena turned her head, and smiled vpon Ganimede and shee could scarce keepe countenance: yet shee saluted all with secresie, and Gerismond to driue away such dumpes, questioned with Ganimede what the reason was hee regarded not Phebes loue, seeing shee was as faire as the wanton that brought Troy to ruine? Ganimede answered, if I should affect the faire Phebe, I should greatly iniure poore Montanus, to winne that from him in a moment, hee hath laboured for so many moneths. Yet haue I promised to the beautifull shepherdesse, to wed my selfe neuer to woman except vnto her, but with his promise, that if I can with reason suppresse Phœbes loue towards me, shee shall like of none but Montanus. To that quoth Phœbe, I stand, for my loue is so farre beyond reason, as it will admit no perswasiue of reason: for iustice, quoth he, I appeale to Gerismond: and to his censure will I stand, quoth Phœbe. And in your victorie quoth Montanus, stands the hazard of my fortune: for if Ganimede

goe a way with the conquest, Montanus is in conceit loues monarch: if Phœbe win, then am I in effect most miserable. We will see this controuersie quoth Gerismon. and then we will to church therefore Ganimede let vs heare your argument. May pardon my absence a while quoth shee, & you shall see one in store. In went Ganimede & drest her selfe in womans attire, hauing on a gowne of greene, with a kirtle of rich sendall, so quaint, that shee seemed Diana, triumphing in the forest, vpon her head shee wore a chaplet of roses, which gaue her such a grace, that she looked like Flora pearkt in the pride of all her flowers, thus attired came Rosalynd in, and presented her selfe at her fathers feete, with her eyes full of teares, as craning his blessing, & discoursing vnto him all her fortunes, how she was banished by Torismond, and how euer since she liued in that country disguised. Gerismond seeing his daughter, rose from his seate, and fell vpon her neck, vttering the passions of his ioy in watery plaints, driuen into such an extasie of content that he could not vtter one word. At this sight, if Rosader was both amazd and ioyfull, I referre my selfe to the iudgement of such as haue experience in loue, & seeing his Rosalynd before his face, whom so long and so deerely hee had affected. At last Gerismond recouered his spirites, and in most fatherly termes entertayned his daughter Rosalind, after many questions demanding of her what had past betweene her and Rosader. So much sir, quoth she, as there wants nothing but your grace to make vp the marriage. Why then quoth Gerismond, Rosader take her, shee is thine, and let this day solemnize both thy brothers and thy nuptial. Rosader beyond measure content, humbly thanked the king, and embraced his Rosal. who turning to Phœbe, demanded if she had shewed sufficient reason to suppresse the force of her loues. Yea quoth Phœbe, & so great a perswasiue that if it please you madam and Aliena forgiue vs leaue, Montanus and I will make this day the third couple in mariage. She had no sooner spoke this word, but Montanus threw away his Garland of Willow, his bottle, where was painted despayre, and cast his Sonnets in the fire, shewing himselfe as frolike as Paris when he hanseled his loue with Helena. At this Gerismond and the rest smiled, and concluded, that Montanus and Phœbe should keepe their wedding with the two brethren, Aliena seeing Saladine stand in a dumpe, to wake him from his dreame, beganne thus: Why how now my Saladine, all amort, what man, melancholy at the day of mariage?

perchance

perchance thou art sorrowfull to think on thy brothers high fortunes and thine own base desires, to chuse so meane a shepheardesse. Cheere vp thy thoughts man, this day thou shalt be married to the daughter of a King: for now Saladine I am not Aliena, but Alinda, the daughter of thy mortal enemie Torismond. At this all the company was amazed, especially Gerismond, who rising vp, tooke Alinda in his armes and said: Is this that faire Alinda, famous for so many vertues, that forsooke her fathers court, to liue with thee exiled in the countrey? The same quoth Alinda. Then quoth Gerismond, turning to Saladine, iolly forrester, be forlike, for thy fortunes are great, and thy desires excellent, thou hast got a princesse as famous for her perfection, as exceeding in proportion. She hath with her beauty won, quoth Saladine, an humble seruant, and full of amiable fauour. While euery one was amazed at these comicall euents, Coridon came tripping in, and told them the priest was at church, and tarried their cōming. Gerismond led them the way, and the rest followed, where to the admiration of the countrey swaines in Arden, their marriages were solemnely solemnized. Assone as the priest had finished, home they went with Alinda, where Coridon had made all things in readines. Dinner was prouided, the tables were spred, and the bride sat down by Gerismond: Rosader, Saladine, and Montanus that day were seruitors: homely cheere they had, such as the countrey could afford, but to mend this fare they had mickle good chat, and many discourses of their loues and fortunes. About mid-dinner, to make them merry, Coridon came in with an old crowd, and plaid them a fit of mirth, to which he sung with this pleasant song.

Coridons Song.

A blithe and bonny country lasse,
heigh ho, bonny lasse,
Sate sighing on the tender grasse,
And weeping said, will none come woo me?
A smicker boy a lither swayne,
heigh ho, a smicker swayne,
That in his loue was wanton faine,
with smiling lookes strait came vnto her.

When as the wanton wench espide,
heigh ho, when she espide:

The meanes to make her selfe a bride,
she simpered smooth like bonny bell,
The swaine that saw her squint-eide kind,
heigh ho squint-eide kinde,
His armes about her body twind,
and faire lasse, how faire ye? well.

The countrey Kit said well, forsooth,
heigh ho, well forsooth,
But that I haue a longing tooth,
a longing tooth that makes me crie:
Alas said he what garres thy griefe?
heigh ho, what garres thy griefe?
A wound quoth she without relieſe,
I feare a maide that I shall die.

If that be all the shepheard said,
heigh ho, the shepheard said,
Ile make thee wiue it gentle maid,
and so recure thy maladie:
Hereon they kist with many an oath,
heigh ho, with many an oath,
And for god Pan did plight their troth,
And to the Church they hied them fast.

And God send euery pretty peate,
heigh ho, the pretty peate,
That feares to die of this conceite,
so kinde a friend to helpe at last.

Coridon hauing thus made them merry, as they were in the middest of their iolitie, word was brought to Saladine and Rosader, that a brother of theirs, one Fernandine was arriued, and desired to speake with them. Gerismond ouer-hearing this newes, demaunded who it was, it is quoth Rosader, my middle brother, that liues a scholer in Paris, but what hath driuen him to seeke vs out, I know not. With that Saladine went and met his brother, whom hee welcomed with all curtesie: and Rosader gaue him no lesse friendly entertainment; brought he was by his two brothers into the parlor; where they

they all sate at dinner. Fernandine as one that knew as many manners, as he could points of sophistrie, and was as well brought vp, as well lettered, saluted them all. But when he espied Gerismond kneeling on his knee, did him what reuerence belonged to his estate: and with that burst forth into these speeches. Although (mighty Prince) this day of my brothers marriage bee a day of mirth, yet time craueth another course, and therefore from dainty cates rise to sharpe weapons. And you the sonnes of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, leaue off your armours, and fall into armes, change your loues into lances, and now this day shew your selues valiant, as hitherto you haue beene passionate. For know Gerismond that hard by, at the edge of this Forrest, the twelue Peeres of France are vp in armes, to recouer thy right: and Torismond troupt with a crew of desperate runnagates is ready to bid them battell. The armies are readie to ioyne, therefore shew thy selfe in the field to encourage thy Subiects: and you Saladine and Rosader, mount you, and shew your selues as hardy souldiers, as you haue beene hearty louers, so shall you for the benefit of your Country, discouer the Idea of your fathers vertues to be stamped in your thoughts, and proue children worthy of so honourable a parent.

At these newes, Gerismond leapt from the boord, and Saladine and Rosader betooke themselues to their weapons. Nay quoth Gerismond, goe with mee, I haue horse and armour for vs all, and then being well mounted, lett vs shew that we carrie reuenge and honor at our fauchions points. Thus they leaue the Brides full of sorrow, especially Alinda, who desired Gerismond to be good to her father. hee not returning a word because his hatte was great, hied him home to his lodge, where he deliuered Saladine and Rosader horse and armour, and himselfe armed royally, led the way, not hauing ridden two leagues before they discouered, where in a valley both the battels were ioyned. Gerismond seeing the wing wherein the Peeres fought, thrust in there and cried, Saint Denis, laying such loade vpon his enemies, that he shewed how highly hee did estimate of a Crowne. When the Peeres perceiued that their lawfull King was there, they were more eager: and Saladine and Rosader so behaued themselues, that none durst stand in their way, nor abide the furie of their weapons, To be short, the Peeres were conquerours, Torismonds armie put to flight, and himselfe slaine in battell.

The

The Peeres then gathered themselues together, and saluted the King, conducted him royally into Paris, where he was receiued ioyfully of all the citizens.

Assoone as all was quiet, and he had receiued againe the crowne, he sent for Alinda and Rosalind to the Court. Alinda being very passionate for the death of her Father: yet brooked it with the more patience, in that shee was contented with the welfare of her Saladine. Well, assoone as they were come to Paris, Gerismond made a royall feast for all the Peeres and the Lords of his Land, which continued thirty dayes, in such time summoning a Parliament by the consent of the Nobles, hee created Rosader Heire apparant to the kingdome, and restored Saladine to his fathers land, and gaue him the Dukedome of Namures, hee made Fernandine principall Secretary to himselfe: and that fortune might euery way seeme frolik, made Montanus Lord ouer all the Forrest of Arden, Adam Spencer Captaine of the Kings guard, and Coridon Maister of Alindaes flockes.

HEere Gentlemen, may you see in Euphues golden Legacie, *that such as neglect their Fathers precepts, incurre much preiudice, that diuision in nature, as it is a blemish in nature, so tis a breach of good fortunes, that vertue is not measured by birth, but by action, that younger brethren, though inferour in yeeres, yet may bee superiour in honours; that concord is the sweetest conclusion, and amitie betwixt two brothers, more forcible than fortune. If you gather any fruit by this* Legacie, *speake well of* Euphues *for writing it, and for fetching it, If you grace me with that fauour, you encourage mee to bee the more forward. And assoone as I haue ouer-looke my labours, expect the* Saylers Kalender.

Tho. Lodge.

FINIS.